

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,560, Vol. 98.

19 November, 1904.

6d.

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NOTICE.—A Literary Supplement appears with the SATURDAY REVIEW this week gratis.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Surely even at the Guildhall there has never been heard a more sonorous speech than the King of Portugal's on Thursday; it is no small compliment that he delivered it in fluent, even in gorgeous English. His historical retrospect was particularly happy and we hope the municipality of Paddington, whose historical cramming for their scroll of welcome went perhaps no further than Vasco da Gama, noticed that the King selected not the fifteenth but the sixteenth century as the golden time of Portugal. It is literally true that we have had no such long and intimate relations with any other Power as with Portugal; and even if we discount the seven centuries' treaty as a fact deficient in vitality, it has been the starting point of a succession of subsequent treaties. It adds force to the little arbitration arrangement which was signed at Windsor on Wednesday that a treaty with Portugal was signed at the same place by Edward I. At least the fine savour of monarchic continuity is rare and therefore perhaps precious. King Carlos was evidently pleased with the popular nature of his reception. It were a nice question how large a part of the people's desire to see and cheer the King and Queen issued from an historic sense of this ancient alliance.

The reports from General Stössel issued in S. Petersburg on Thursday do not add much to our knowledge; and we have no hint of any more critical news. But General Stössel corroborates in detail the previous report that the Japanese attacks on Port Arthur during the nine days ending 3 November were repulsed. The Japanese had a momentary success in capturing East Ki-Kwan fort, which is of vital importance, as the key to the eastern fort ridge. But the Russians at once brought up reinforcements and succeeded in recapturing the position. The work of sapping in the hard rock makes the progress of the siege very slow and laborious. It is stated that the Russians are preparing to make arrangements for a

final stand at Lao-tié-shan. General Stössel may be expected to hold out as long as the ammunition lasts and strategically his action would be wholly justified: the longer the besieging army is retained round the fortress, the better it will be for the prospects of the Russian army on the Sha-ho.

The clubs at Chifu, which have spent the last six months inventing rumours, have at last something definite to talk of. A Russian destroyer, which escaped from Port Arthur in a snowstorm, entered the harbour at Chifu and handed over to the Russian Consul what we may suppose to be important despatches. The destroyer seems to have been followed by the Japanese vessels but outdistanced them, so they waited outside the harbour for the end of the twenty-four hours law. All the forms that neutrality demands were gone through by the Chinese authorities and the disarmament of the vessel was duly reported. What an unfortunate accident that an hour or two before these excellent forms were observed, the last Russian to leave the ship lighted a fuse, and the "Raztoropni" was sunk quietly and without fuss in the harbour! There was a stark and undemonstrative thoroughness about the incident peculiarly Russian. The wisdom of the extreme measure is another question. We hope the harbour is deep at that point, and it is a nice question in the etiquette of neutrality whether it is permitted to use a neighbour's port as a burying-place.

The Sha-ho is frozen over, and the Japanese are reported to have crossed with the intention of threatening the Russian right flank. But it is perhaps unlikely that this movement will be attempted till the reinforcements that have landed reach Marshal Oyama. The positions occupied by both armies have been very strongly fortified, and only a few skirmishes have taken place. Field-Marshal Oyama has reported that on 9 November a force of 200 infantry and 300 cavalry were driven back to Ma-chwan-tsze with over sixty casualties, and that on 11 November 600 Russians were repulsed in an attack at Wu-chin-tai. The want of food is said to be very severely felt by the Russian army, but the possession of Mukden enables them to get supplies, and is as important strategically as its retention is valuable for sentimental reasons. It is not a little necessary for a general to remember the sanctity of the city in the eyes of the Chinese.

We were told at first that the Commission of Inquiry was to be sitting in Paris within a week or two. To-day the definite terms of reference are still being discussed, and there is some suspicion of a dispute over

one article. Lord Lansdowne, quoting the terms of reference originally accepted by Count Lamsdorf, spoke of "the degree of blame" attaching to the officers. This passage seems to have been translated in the Russian version of the speech as "the degree of punishment" and much offence caused. But, apart from the confusion of terms, the cardinal difference of opinion lies in the question whether, supposing culpability is fixed on certain officers, we are to demand that sentence follows the verdict. After all the Commission cannot do its work without deciding on "the degree of blame". One of the pieces of evidence prepared this week is the photograph of a trawler from a cruiser at night, with a view to showing that no one who knew his business could mistake the trawler for what it was not. If the officers did not know their business is their personal responsibility to be a care to us? or is the responsibility of the nation thus handicapped enough?

It was hardly to be expected that any striking evidence would be heard at the Board of Trade inquiry into the North Sea disaster. The event was not one about which anyone who had anything to say held his tongue, and the public knew already at least as much as witnesses under oath could tell them. But one explanation, which we suggested last week as possibly accounting for the Russian blunder, was rather supported by Skipper Green, of the "Gull", which was near the "Crane". After the firing he saw "something black and without lights on his starboard bow; and he exclaimed 'There's a torpedo-boat', but immediately afterwards he saw that she was a trawler, went up to her, and found she was the 'Crane'". An exactly similar mistake, as brought out in Thursday's evidence, was made both by the boatswain of the "Gull", who momentarily mistook some trawler, probably the mission ship, for a torpedo boat, and by the chief engineer, who, like the skipper, at first and during the firing thought the "Crane", of which the lights were out, was a torpedo boat. May not Russian officers and the fishermen have made the same mistake, only the Russians took twenty minutes longer to rectify it? Of course the Russians saw the trawlers under a search light, and this cardinal difference would spoil any gratification, from the Russian point of view, that they and the fishermen were in the same case.

The rumour prevailing in London on Wednesday that the Russians had entered Afghan territory—amid explosions—depended for its credibility on a confusion of places. Russian Kushk is not to be confounded with Afghan Kushk, some distance south across the Paropamisus. People are also the more ready to believe any rumour connected with Kushk as it is the natural storm centre of nearer Asia. It is the terminal station of the branch line which connects Merv on the Transcaspian railway with the Afghan frontier. Treated as a purely strategical line it is jealously guarded and no foreigner is permitted to travel on it. Still it is well known that the Russians have formed at Kushk large magazines and stores of material said to include all the requirements for laying a line to Herat only 67 miles away. The easy slopes of the intervening range offer no obstacle to the construction of a railway. Kushk is the jumping off point for the capture of Herat which would be the first objective in a Russian invasion. It is still a place of great strategical importance and its occupation would also serve Russian designs on Persia. The Amir has lately been improving his armament at Herat, and as he is well informed this may have been a precaution against preparations which menaced his frontier.

The Colston Banquets at Bristol do not attract the attention they once did. This year the speeches would have attracted really no attention at all but for a more sensational than felicitous passage from Lord Selborne. There might be times when it was desirable to alarm the public on the score of Russian proximity to India. But we do not see how the present moment can be one of them. Prejudice against Russia is natural here, and this native prejudice has been fired to white heat by the North Sea disaster. The state of public feeling has been one of the

greatest difficulties in the way of a peaceful and honourable settlement with Russia. Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne had done their utmost to help the people keep their heads; and Lord Selborne chooses this moment to come out with an alarming picture of a Russian invasion of India. This does not strike us as the highest statesmanship. Such talk is, of course, popular; and the statements made were true, but a true thing may at times be better left unsaid.

We want no truer test of the change in South African prosperity than the progress of the many railway schemes discussed on Monday at a special meeting of the Intercolonial Council. As in Canada, railway development is both cause and effect of commercial prosperity. Five months ago the building of railways on any large scheme was considered too remote for any date to be suggested. This month all sorts of governments, corporations, and private companies are begging leave to build railways, big and small. Both the Cape and the Natal Governments desire to bestow on the Orange River Colony the unqualified gift of an important line. The Cape line, to run from Aliwal North up to Wepener on the Basuto border, and the Natal, on a rather bigger scale, will run north-west from Bethlehem to Kroonstad, and so connect the main Natal systems with two trunk lines from Cape Town to Pretoria. Two small municipalities, Ladybrand and Fauresmith, also in the Orange River Colony, propose to build short services; and similar proposals come from private firms in the Transvaal. A larger scheme for connecting Bloemfontein with Kimberley is to be discussed. The proposals give the first public test of Lord Milner's insight. He may well claim that Intercolonial Federation in South Africa is far on the way to fulfilment when two of the principal colonies think it to their benefit to build considerable railways of which not a foot lies in their own territory.

There is no reason to contrast the unanimity with which the Bill ratifying the Anglo-French agreement was passed in the House of Commons with the division in the French Chamber on Saturday. The majority of 338—M. Combes being in office—was quite overwhelming enough to give graciousness and national weight to the Bill; and the minority of 105 was largely composed of members who thoroughly approved the bulk of the agreement. If any English constituency had taken as much interest in Morocco as the voters in the maritime districts of France take in Newfoundland, Lord Rosebery would no doubt have found plenty of followers in the House of Commons. The only discussion of much value centred on the complementary arrangements still to come, and M. Delcassé pledged himself to open at once negotiations on the subject of the bait regulations in Newfoundland. Compared with Egypt and Morocco the details of the Newfoundland fisheries have attracted a wholly disproportionate attention, but international sensitiveness is often most easily and widely irritated by smaller disputes. Certainly neither Egypt in its larger aspect nor Morocco has so much endangered relations with England as the disputes of the fishermen on the Newfoundland shores.

After all General André has been induced to retire and relieve the Combes ministry of his unpopularity. In the way of ordinary decency the step was forced upon him. His busy energy in preventing communicants from getting promotion left him no time for army organisation; and he has no conspicuous service to set against this spy scandal. But General André has more apologists than accusers, especially in the English press. He is spoken of as crowning his services to the Republican cause by his retirement, and it is suggested that "this tough old soldier" had the spy system forced on him by the need of defending the Republic. Englishmen, who are supposed to love freedom, would not thus excuse General André's dirty work if they had read for themselves the disclosures in the "Figaro." But the Paris correspondents have abstained so far as they could from quoting the disclosures, either because they had a selfish enjoyment of "delation" or because they thought intrigue against Roman Catholics did not matter. By such canaille is public sympathy with the French Government fostered.

M. Syveton, the slapper of General André, appears to have been engaged in a series of absurd duels. They must have been tame affairs, for there was no gallery to speak of. Without a gallery and without gore a duel is not worth the fighting. But in truth the great majority of duels to-day are ridiculous. The custom is a monstrous survival. They want the touch of tragedy as well as of comedy. On the Continent, except when an unforeseen accident occurs, the duel is practically comedy only, which soon palls. Parliamentary duels and challenges in England fifty or sixty years ago were almost as undignified as they are in France to-day. When O'Connell and Disraeli slanged one another and the latter ended by flinging the name "Yahoo" at his opponent and calling him out, the Duke of Wellington described his conduct as damned gentlemanlike. But the real hard-bitten men of honour of an earlier date did it far better. One hard word served. A gentleman was in danger of losing caste if he piled up the insult. It was not good form to slap and shriek by way of preliminary.

There was such a great style about the way in which gentlemen settled the account in those days. With the evil of duelling it is certain that we have abandoned at least a little good. The pink of courtesy, the fine sense of breeding, these have almost disappeared with the duel. Not only the principals but the seconds were so often perfect in style. When Mowbray shot Etherington dead, what could have been kinder than the way in which his second offered Captain Jekyll an umbrella lest it should rain before the latter reached the inn? If we could only restore the breeding without the bloodshed!

The "Daily Telegraph", we are glad to see, is protesting against the factitious Germanophobia, with which certain papers for a long time now have been wearying those who read them. It is the titles of the articles that weary, not the matter. We do not know whether anyone ever gets to that. Probably a few do, people who do not know too much, who get frightened and talk importantly to their friends about the terrible danger in Germany. And so the thing spreads. This nagging at a foreign country, as the "Daily Telegraph" points out, though absolutely of no account in itself, may come to do harm in the end. It must be stopped. The case of Germany is simple enough. Like others, Germans are concerned with their own interests. If we stand in their way, they would be glad to get us out of the way; as we should be glad to get them out of the way. There is nothing exceptional in the position.

Mr. Balfour would naturally be pleased at the result of the Horsham election; for Lord Turnour might easily have got in by a less majority than he did. But that he should telegraph "Delighted. Will introduce you to the House" was a piece of ecstasy quite impossible for Mr. Arthur Balfour. Why should he indeed jump the claims of common etiquette and encroach on the functions of his chief whip because a seat had been retained by a considerable majority? Lord Turnour's subsequent denial that he had received a telegram either from Mr. Balfour or Mr. Chamberlain was given so little publicity that the telegram is still an enigma to many. It perhaps will remain an enigma how a telegram worded with so little attempt at Parliamentary plausibility ever reached the press or was accepted as serious.

We ventured a while ago to liken Lord Rosebery as speaker to a newspaper, because at the time he was coming out every day. Just now in one way he reminds us more than ever of a newspaper, for he has been coming out several times a day. For instance, at Oxford on Monday there was an early evening edition of him at the Union and an extra special of him later the same evening at the Colonial Club. Could he only duplicate himself by some such barbarous invention as the gramophone he might resemble a perfect trust in newspapers. But gratefully we admit that he was distinctly unlike an evening paper in this—his later edition contained fresh matter. At the unveiling of the memorial bust of Lord Salisbury at the Union

Lord Rosebery made a winning speech. A daring figure put him on the best possible terms with his audience at the very outset—"It was with a pleasant sense of paradox that you, Mr. President, threw the handkerchief to me": This followed by bashful reference to his maiden effort made success certain.

We do not agree with a good deal of Lord Rosebery's criticism, or rather eulogy, of Lord Salisbury, but it was brilliant and stimulating throughout. Lord Rosebery, it is interesting to notice, considers that Lord Salisbury's speeches were "always polished", "always literary gems". We cannot say that some of the later "gems" exhibited in the House of Lords struck us as scintillating much; occasionally, indeed, it seemed as if it were Lord Salisbury's deliberate plan to discard all brilliance of speech. Some speakers never go about without their jewel case; one or two set more store by their case of pistols. The later Lord Salisbury surely did not trouble about either. Nor can we quite agree with Lord Rosebery that political subjects or schemes were dissolved by the acid of his cynicism. This may have been the effect on the intellectually sensitive. It was not, it never is, the effect on the great mass of people. When Lord Salisbury recommended that a parish circus instead of a parish council should be set up to enliven the rural population, he was acid in his cynicism. But none the less the parish council was preferred.

In his Colonial Club speech Lord Rosebery made one definite announcement. As a Rhodes trustee he proclaimed the gift of £200 a year towards the salary of a teacher of pathology. The allotment goes some way to cancel the most curious contradiction in Mr. Rhodes' will. He had himself a supreme interest in medical science and in a long preamble to the will laid regretful stress on the general poverty of the materials at Oxford for making the medical school worthy. But in the will not a penny was left towards this purpose. Lord Rosebery has now made it even clearer than it was before that the latitude allowed to the executors is such as to permit them to carry out the spirit of the will almost in any way they wish; and when the extent of the money at their disposal is more precisely assessed, they are likely to make further contributions to the medical school, which is much under-served as well as undermanned.

There were very lively scenes at the meetings of the commission of the "Wee Church" and the "Free Church" which have been held in Edinburgh this week. The Wee Church met for the first time in the old Free Church Hall, which was several sizes too large for it. Its numbers were augmented however by a disorderly section of opponents who seem to have taken the proceedings very much into their own hands, and hissed, and interrupted, and bullied with all the magnanimity which a majority is capable of showing towards a minority. But some of the retorts of the Wee Church ministers were effective. As to the charge that they were not able to administer the property the answer was "that is our business". The Free Church were advised also to accept the situation like men; and indeed there is a good deal of point in this, considering that the Free Church people are disestablishers and dis-endowers who have been eloquent on the advantages which would accrue to the Church of Scotland if it found itself in the position they are now in themselves.

How many, we wonder, of those who read the Archdeacon of London's admirably apposite address on the induction of the new rector of S. Magnus the Martyr recognised in S. Magnus the fine church, with the singular belfry, on Fish Street Hill they have so often noticed when crossing London Bridge? The indifference of Londoners to the glories of their city is stupendous; London Churchmen's ignorance of the City churches is a scandal. They will fly to the remotest corner of France or Italy and patiently suffer the burdensome guide to ply them with the chronicle-gossip of every church in the place, and never so much as know that there is a church of S. Magnus in all London. The Archdeacon did no more than justice to the resident citizens and the

City clergy when he pointed out that the proportion of the inhabitants who were churchgoers was larger in the City than in London generally. No one who knows much of the services in these churches can have failed to observe the evident pride of the parishioners in their church. To these congregations their church is far more than the iconoclasts wish to believe.

According to the "Labour Gazette" for this month, a comparison with a year ago shows a general decline in employment though there is improvement in the cotton, woollen and tinplate industries. From the Trade Union returns it appears that the percentage of unemployed which for last year was 5·8 per cent. is this year 6·8 per cent. All over the country and in London special preparations are being made by local authorities either to meet the distress which already prevails or which is anticipated as the winter advances. Labour bureaux are amongst the means for obtaining information as to employment. They are useful in distributing employment when it is to be had, but we are still behind some foreign countries in utilising these agencies. Many particulars are given in the "Labour Gazette" of the systematic organisation of these bureaux, especially in the German empire, and the service they are to workmen not only in abnormal but normal times. Perhaps the novel method of insuring against unemployment, helped pecuniarily by the local authorities in Germany, Switzerland, France and Belgium, fulfils some of the functions of our trade-union benefits here, but everybody here does not belong to a trade union, and we in any case are not doing nearly so much to save the industrious from pauperism as are the countries mentioned.

It would be well if the "Labour Gazette" could find a corner for the alien immigration question. But it is a question the officials have always shirked. The Board of Trade is as horrified at the idea of a change of alien policy as of fiscal methods. Nowhere is there more otiose conservatism than in the Board of Trade. In the meantime the disastrous effect of alien pressure goes on. Even now the public does not realise what it means. It might well take to heart a great deal of what Major Evans-Gordon was saying on Thursday last. Does the public realise that British taxpayers have paid no less than £629,000 in carrying out the sentences on 13,114 alien criminals? Is it ungenerous to qualify our welcome to these foreign guests? No doubt Mr. Trevelyan and his Liberal like would say it was. We suppose they are for receiving the mauvais sujet from the continent with open arms for the joy of reforming him. But this kind of reform is a bit too expensive for England.

More serious, though less striking, is the pressure of the destitute alien who is not criminal. He continues to come in such force that he is rapidly turning whole districts into foreign and mainly Jewish quarters. The English disappear before the invaders as in the tropics all living things make way for the march of the irresistible foraging ants. In many parishes Christian places of worship have become synagogues, and the vicar finds himself transformed from a curate of Christians into a missionary amongst the Jews. We are perfectly aware that this is no imputation against the newcomers as men and women, but we have a right to prefer that East London should remain English. Economically the pressure grows in intensity. Overcrowding has caused a rise in rents in Stepney, one of the poorest boroughs, three times as high as in any other part of London.

Lord Northbrook's death is hardly a political event. He held high office; he occupied the highest place open to a subject of the King. But so quickly does the present oust the past for the practical politician that twenty years relegate a man to a former age. Lord Northbrook's Viceroyalty is not forgotten, but it is remembered as an historic fact. His work stands on record at the India Office, but for Parliament and the public Lord Northbrook has for many years been hardly more than a shade. He lived on, making speeches from time to time in the House of Lords, but not effective ones. Perhaps his real later life was on his own countryside, where he was valued as an almost ideal landlord should be valued.

CHINA AND THE WAR.

EVENTS have justified, so far, the belief expressed by the SATURDAY REVIEW in January last that the Chinese Court would try to keep out of the war, which was then imminent, between Russia and Japan. Nor is there perceptible any indication of change. There is unrest—varying from actual rebellion in Kwangsi to rumours of renewed Boxer activity in the north. We hear also of endeavours to exact subsidies for military purposes as in 1899. But there are reasons enough why the Chinese Government should wish to strengthen itself, without surmising a relapse into insanity or an attack of pugnacity foreign to its ordinary mood. The character of the fighting and the greatness of the forces engaged may well have convinced even Peking that the Chinese army needs very considerable increase as well as reorganisation if it is to exert any influence on the course of events. We hear much of the excellence of the troops organised by the Viceroy of Chih-li, but they are wanted at home: the chance of disturbance is, in China, ever present and there might be risk in their removal even from Chih-li. A few are employed as guards on the railway outside the Great Wall, and a battalion is said to be stationed at Chau-yang. Mention has been made, too, of the transfer of 3,000 from the provincial capital to Shan-hai-kwan, but that is understood to be for the purpose of enforcing more rigid restrictions on contraband; while General Ma, who is supposed to be guarding the frontier with 10,000 men, is alleged to have, more sinico, 7,000 only actually in the field. Such forces are trivial in presence of the titanic fighting we have witnessed at Liao-yang and on the Shah-ho. Much greater numbers are, of course, stationed in and around Peking, but there is no indication of preparatory activity nor is their existence likely to transmute into warlike ardour the apathy of Mandarins whose chief object is to speculate in peace. The pithy tale told in a Shanghai paper of a caravan on its way from Shanse to Kirin, whose members expressed ignorance of the fact that war was raging in Manchuria, and "seemed surprised but in no way frightened when warned that their mules and carts might be commandeered"—represents an extreme phase of the mental dulness that blinds, we are told, even the Chinese in the capital to the significance of military movements that are watched with keen appreciation, in Europe, 10,000 miles away. But this very apathy tends to save them from enterprises whose danger lack of comprehension might tempt them to face.

Yet the position is cynically, almost ludicrously, quaint. If we imagine France looking stolidly on while England tried to expel Germany from Picardy, and the rest of the world advising her solicitously to keep still, we get an approximate parallel to the position of China in regard to the Russo-Japanese war. The very inconceivability of the thing may afford a measure of the difference in character and temperament between Europeans and Chinese; and that peculiarity finds precise expression in Li Hung-chang's alleged affirmation that "if China left the Russians in possession of Manchuria no serious harm would ensue, as friction would arise between Russia and Japan over Korea and a conflict was bound to break out. Then, if things took an unfavourable turn for the Japanese, it would be China's business to join the Russians, thus establishing a claim upon the gratitude of Russia; while, if the Russians were unable to withstand the Japanese, she could join the latter—getting back Manchuria, probably, in either case, as a token of gratitude"—for her help. There is astuteness, if not much chivalry, in watching two combatants fight over a prize which you hope to annex by siding with the victor when his superiority is declared. It is an attitude which postulates, however, certain limitations—such as failure to conceive that the victor may not assess help tendered under such conditions quite so highly as the offerer presumes. But it postulates also a measure of comprehension; and it would be a mistake to suppose that the utter ignorance professed by the Shanse caravan is typical. The knowledge possessed by the people generally may be slight; but they do, as Dr. Morrison has pithily expressed it, know vaguely that war is being waged, even if they view with indifference

the result so long as it does not affect their own immediate environment. The North of England stood aloof, selfishly indifferent, while William of Normandy conquered the South, though it perceived its blunder, and paid the penalty, later on. Divisions are as marked, communications well-nigh as imperfect, and areas twenty times as great in China as they were in England in 1066. The sympathy both of officials and people in the provinces is undoubtedly with the Japanese, but a peculiar mental detachment and local and personal selfishness prevent that sympathy becoming an active political force.

It is not to be inferred, however, even from these conditions that China is a "negligible quantity", as M. Challemlacour conceived her to be, twenty years ago, in Tongking. If there seem to be no more immediate likelihood of her plunging into war than there was in the spring, she might under the conditions supposed by Li Hung-chang intervene with effect later on. Whether the letter attributed to him be apocryphal or genuine it expresses a mental attitude and method of reasoning that would commend themselves to the majority of Chinese; and whether the combatants fight themselves to a standstill, or one gain the position of vantage indicated as the psychological moment to strike in: whether as a counter, only, in the eventual diplomatic game, or as an active factor in the crisis, China will certainly have to be reckoned with when the great day of settlement arrives. There is a marked difference, too, as we have seen lately in Europe, between neutrality and neutrality—neutrality hostile and neutrality sympathetic. The despatch of troops to Shan-hai-kwan for the purpose of closing that important exit against the passage of supplies would be a perfectly correct proceeding; but it would materially affect the comfort of a combatant who had previously enjoyed a measure of indirect access, by that route, to the sea. Then there are the Hung-hu-tze, of whose precise action we hear so little, but who can unquestionably render service or disservice, to either side, as their sympathies incline. For any inconvenience she may suffer from them Russia has herself chiefly to thank. By systematically weakening Chinese authority in Manchuria she has enabled them to get more than usually out of hand; while the depredations of Russian troops have contributed to drive into their ranks hundreds who have lost everything they possessed. Dr. Morrison assuredly minimises in estimating their probable numbers at 3,000, though he is right, doubtless, in scouting the idea of their moving in bodies of 3,000 at a time. A Hung-hu-tze chief, interviewed by another correspondent, affirms that there are 10,000 engaged in various ways at the theatre of war; and Russia seems to have protested, at Peking, that they are engaged on the Japanese side. So formal indeed were her complaints, according to the "Peking and Tientsin Times", that General Ma was ordered to investigate. His denial of the charge may not carry conviction; but it is remarkable that we hear much less of their doings than was anticipated at the outbreak of war, when it was thought that their local knowledge and mobility would enable them to harass the Russian communications, and even breach the railway, if not under Japanese leadership at least in the interests of Japan. At present Japan is probably no more anxious than Europe to incur the risk of indefinite expansion that would be created by the immediate intervention of China. The considerable and growing influence that Japan is acquiring in the country will be used therefore, in all probability, to prevent any deviation from neutrality, though it may help her to insist that neutrality shall be effective, and to detect leakages like that at Shan-hai-kwan. But the Hung-hu-tze are irresponsible. China cannot be held responsible for the doings of brigands in a region where her authority has been minimised and which is a theatre of war. There is no shadow of doubt as to the direction in which their sympathies, as well as those of other inhabitants of Manchuria, lie; it would not be strange if we heard more about them during the winter, when they can move freely over the hard-frozen land.

COTTON AND BRITISH INDEPENDENCE.

THE British Cotton Growing Association is destined to play a great part in the commercial and political education of the British people. A week ago it celebrated in Manchester its incorporation by Royal Charter last August; and the Colonial Secretary and other Ministers on Saturday last met a great gathering of commercial and civic representatives from the manufacturing towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire to exchange ideas as to the position and work of the Association. Its operations began in 1901 with the special object of showing that plentiful supplies of suitable cotton for the Lancashire trade can be grown in various parts of the British Empire. It has done this in a very striking and successful manner already; though it is only as yet at the beginning of its great task on which the expenditure of much money, labour, ability, and great courage and patience will be required. But there is a broader principle animating it which makes the Association something more than a body of people interested in the cotton trade. It will be a powerful instrument of the great movement which has for its goal the development of British trade in all products of the empire within the empire itself. The conception of a self-contained empire of sufficient extent and variety to supply within its own boundaries all that its members require has been largely vivified and brought into the practical sphere by what the association has already done. The idea is fruitful. Whether we are shut out from trade with foreign countries by their tariffs or, as in the case of the shortage in American cotton, by causes of another kind, we shall have to redress the balance from our own abundant resources within our own dominions. Though we maintain the necessity of allying Great Britain and her colonies and possessions by means of a special method—the preferential tariff system—we recognise that such a movement as the British Cotton Growing Association's has merits apart from fiscal theories. It may rally all parties to stand together, as Mr. Lyttelton said at Manchester, in national unity on a matter clearly for the benefit of the empire.

Lancashire first became alarmed about the precariousness of the American cotton supply in 1901; and as three-fourths of what is used there is obtained from America there was good reason. The annual demand increases steadily for cotton goods, but the supplies of raw cotton from America are for various reasons not likely to increase, and are more likely to dwindle. Gambling in cotton, the cotton corners for which Mr. Sully became notorious, has been encouraged by the peculiar circumstances of the American source of supply. The Lancashire manufacturers were satisfied that from these causes, acting singly or in combination, there would be no security against disastrous short-time working, so long as America practically supplied all the cotton used in Lancashire. India, the largest cotton-grower next to America, only supplies about a fifth of the world production; and in the present condition of Indian cultivation the cotton is of an inferior quality unsuitable for the high-class manufacturers of Lancashire. Egypt supplies a sixteenth; the rest of the world another sixteenth; and none of it is as good as American. Practically therefore the shortage in America has meant that Lancashire has suffered enormous loss and endured severe distress from short time working which implies a loss of £15,000,000 a year, and involves ten millions of people engaged in numberless trades dependent on or collateral with the cotton industry. There is little doubt that the general stagnation of trade throughout the kingdom is due largely to the breakdown in supplies of American cotton for several years past. To increase the area of supplies was the evident remedy; and the British Cotton Growing Association, which was started in 1901 as an unincorporated association, believed that this possible area was contained in various parts of the British Empire. Since 1901 it has raised successive guarantee funds of £50,000, £100,000 and £500,000. It has used and will use its funds for ascertaining what parts of the empire are suitable for cotton growing and establishing cotton plantations there, in making experiments as to soil and

seeds and supplying seed, selected with expert knowledge, to cultivators. Consignments of machinery have been sent to various parts of the empire throughout the world, and financial assistance has been given to planters who need assistance at the earlier stages. The King's Speech of February last contained a passage which shows the importance ascribed by the Government to the national and imperial work undertaken by the Association:

"The insufficiency of the supply of the raw material upon which the great cotton industry of the country depends has inspired me with deep concern. I trust that the efforts which are being made in various parts of my empire to increase the area under cultivation may be attended with a large measure of success."

They certainly have been successful and the Association has proved that the British Empire can produce cotton both in sufficient quantity and of sufficient quality to meet all the requirements of Lancashire. In India the quantity can undoubtedly be increased. The quality may not be brought up to Lancashire's requirements, even when all has been done to educate the ryot and to help him with better seeds than the deteriorated ones he now uses, and generally to instruct him in improved cultivation. But there are many grade qualities of cotton, and even if the supply from India or elsewhere does not rise to the highest grades the addition serves the purpose of the Association by lessening the recourse to America. Moreover there would be no need to import into India Egyptian or the higher quality of American cotton. The advantage to India by this internal trade would be similar to what is proposed by the association for the whole internal trade of the Empire. The Association has met with prompt support and encouragement from the Indian Government. It has explained to the local governments the objects and aims of the Association. They have been informed that the Government will contribute a moiety of a sum of £6,000 as agreed upon with the Association to a syndicate which has been formed by Messrs. Shaw, Wallace & Co., of Calcutta, for promoting the cultivation of long-stapled cottons. This is an excellent example of the aid which the State or municipalities can afford to commercial enterprises of great national benefit, which can only be undertaken by individuals at a risk of loss which would choke off merely private enterprise. We are very much less wise than foreign governments in this respect: but we are gradually realising what can be done in this way. Mr. Lyttelton at Manchester said that it was considerations of this kind that had led the Government to feel itself justified in lending a hand to a great association like the one whose incorporation was being celebrated.

As regards other parts of the empire, or countries such as Egypt where British enterprise and capital have a sphere of operations, Mr. Hutton, vice-chairman of the Association, explained to the Economic Section of the British Association last August the nature of the prospects and the difficulties that have to be surmounted. In Egypt there is plenty of suitable land, but there are serious questions of transport and irrigation standing in the way; and the Egyptian Government realises the importance of the cotton crop to the resources of the country. In British East Africa Egyptian cotton can be grown successfully. In British Central Africa, Nyassaland, cotton equal to Egyptian can be grown. British planters are there and they have been assisted by the Association. It is the part of the British Empire where there is the best immediate prospect of a large increase of supply. Transport is the greatest difficulty and the railway connecting the Shiré highlands with the Zambesi ought to be pushed on. The difficulties are great in West Africa from climate, absence of good harbours, and river and rail communication. West Africa might produce twenty million bales: a larger total than America supplies; but if in five years a million can be sent here Mr. Hutton thinks "we shall have done very well". The Association is doing very important work in British West Africa. Excellent cotton is being grown in the West India Islands—Barbadoes in particular. Machinery and financial assistance are being given by the Association and there is every possibility of our being able to obtain the bulk of our supplies of the

highest grade cotton from that part of the world and save ourselves from being dependent as we now are on Georgia and Carolina. We need not stop to point out what this would mean to the prosperity of these islands and the benefits to our manufactures and export trade. The work of the Association cannot better be summed up than it was by Mr. Balfour at the British Association meeting. It is a question, he said, in which the interests of one nation are absolutely identical with those of the whole world. Not only every man connected with Lancashire, but everybody interested in national trade, in the trade of the world, owes a great debt of gratitude to these enterprising Lancashire capitalists and operatives. They have come forward with an admirable public spirit in times of difficulty and hardship, and have seen that boldly to grasp the problem was the only method by which the difficulties can be diminished.

PORTUGAL AND ENGLAND.

A KING and queen, though their realm were no bigger than Caredigion after the flood, are still hedged with kingship; and a dignity belongs to King Carlos which slips from the President of the oldest or even the biggest republic on earth; nor does it require the sentiment of a Lovelace or an Alice Lee to justify the respect. Only a monarch is a true national representative, especially perhaps of a democratic country, since a President, however famous, a man who smells of the hustings, who is voted for, who is only put above the hurly burly for a while and on sufferance, can never rouse admiration or reverence that is not in a degree partisan. The taint of politics disturbs the purity of the unreason which goes to the making of the best loyalty. In his reference you cannot embrace the principle without considering the person; and at all events in the case of an inferior power a President would always be a more or less patronised visitor.

On the score of monarchy we owe perhaps some amends to Portugal whose history offers one of the most remarkable comments on the vitality of the monarchical principle. The final ruin of her colonial prosperity, as well as her splendid work in literature, was accomplished during the fatal sixty years when she was included in Spain. Portugal was at her best when she was but a slip of Spain; she was at her worst when she was embraced in Spain; and towards the middle of last century she began again to show a consciousness of the energy and ambition which discovered and won the gems of America and India under Emmanuel. After years of practical extinction her colonial activity began to revive towards the end of last century; and Serpa Pinto was something of a national hero before his name became known in England. It was the national consciousness of such efforts as his to recall the Portugal of the sixteenth century that stirred the people to their excess of national fury when Lord Salisbury ordered the withdrawal of Major Pinto from the Shiré. We had not been so near war with a European country since the Crimea. The Fashoda incident suggests a near parallel, perhaps, in more ways than one, but there was never in France such extreme and concentrated popular feeling as animated the whole of Portugal even to the breaking off of commercial contracts. When the Portuguese Government yielded of necessity to Lord Salisbury's demand and the presence of British battle-ships, the Republicans used the angry shame of the people to promote revolution, and through the whole incident nothing distressed the English Government more bitterly. Much effort was spent on restoring the respect for the monarchy, but perhaps the Swiss award in the arbitration on the Delagoa Bay railway was more effective than anything else towards the restitution of good feeling. The Portuguese made their point and we were put under a strong obligation by the permission given to investigate contraband in Lorenzo Marquez and by the behaviour of Portugal on the frontier of the Transvaal at a later date. It is here of course that friendly relations with Portugal become important. This East African colony from Delagoa Bay on the south to Cape Delgado on the north is to Portugal the most widely valued symbol of new colonial aspirations; and

Delagoa Bay has every commercial and geographical value to our latest African colonies. But there is nothing to disturb relations between friendly nations in this juxtaposition of interests. Portugal is not likely and never has been to make over the Bay, but she is as little likely, while a monarchy rules, to trespass, to irritate, or transfer, to any other power. Travellers to Portugal find that the one thing to be avoided in a guest is the admiration of his host's possessions, since his host is forced by the etiquette of friendliness at once to urge the acceptance of the object of admiration as a gift. But we may perhaps be allowed to admire the facilities of Delagoa Bay without suggesting that it is unkind in the Portuguese not to present it.

The interchange of visits between the King of England and the King of Portugal may not be wholly separable from this coincidence of interest in South-East Africa. But the proportion of sentiment to business in our relations with Portugal is peculiarly large and should be larger. Recent symptoms that Spain is on the way to recover some of her real superiority in South America should be pleasing to all British people who have the rudiments of Spanish history. In the same way, we who have slipped into the old possessions of Portugal should feel some genuine pleasure to recognise in Portugal a companion nation. Too much may be made of the antiquity of treaties dating back seven centuries and more, but it is better to bolster a pride in "an alliance of unprecedented continuance" than to exaggerate as some have done the personal element. Catharine of Braganza has at any rate more to do with the proper pleasure and duty of welcoming the present King and Queen than the fact that he is a genial monarch who made a romantic marriage with the daughter of the Comte de Paris who spent a considerable time in England. Lord Selborne spoke the other day of the comradeship of the sea. When we speak of the Straits of Magellan, if we notice that just four hundred years ago a Portuguese was appointed first Viceroy of India, we may feel that King Carlos represents something which demands, especially from us, the acknowledgment of continued admiration.

FIGURES OF THE FISCAL QUESTION.—IX.

THE colonial trade of this country is undoubtedly increasing, in volume as well as in value, from year to year. That increase is, as was shown, in a direction tending to counteract and neutralise certain evil symptoms which have manifested themselves in our trade with foreign countries—decline in the total value, and diminution in the amount and quality of the labour to which it gives employment. In connexion with this increase of our trade with the colonies it is important to know whether it has increased in proportion to the growing population of the colonies; and also whether foreign countries are increasing their trade with British colonies more rapidly than the mother-country itself. Upon each of these questions there is evidence.

The total population of the various British colonies and possessions at the last three censuses are given in the following brief table.

Population of British Colonies and Possessions in 1881, 1891, and 1901 (in millions).

Year.	India.	Other Colonies and Possessions.	Total.
1881	254	14	268
1891	287	19	306
1901	294	22	317

Confining our attention for the present to the colonies other than India, the population appears to have increased by about five millions or 36 per cent. between 1881 and 1891, and again by three millions or 16 per cent. between 1891 and 1901.

With these facts in mind we will give the figures showing the extent of our trade with the colonies. In the following table the total imports of all the colonies and British possessions (excluding India) are given, and the proportions attributed to the United Kingdom. These figures have been compiled from the returns for the last 15 years as given in the "Statistical

Abstract for the Colonial and other Possessions of the United Kingdom".

Annual Average Imports into the Colonies (excluding India) from all Countries and from United Kingdom, and Percentage of Total Imports derived from this country (in thousand £).

Period.	From all Countries.	From United Kingdom.	Percentage from United Kingdom.
1888-92	£138,200	£57,980	42.0
1893-97	£135,400	£53,790	39.7
1898-1902	£189,300	£68,970	36.4

In the first period the average imports amounted to £138,000,000 of which the United Kingdom contributed 42 per cent. In the second period the average imports had fallen by £2,800,000, whereas the average imports from the United Kingdom fell by £4,200,000, and the percentage fell to 39.7. During the third period very considerable expansion in the colonial trade was witnessed. The imports from the United Kingdom and all other countries have increased considerably. The total imports rose by £54,000,000 over the average of the previous quinquennium; but the United Kingdom shared in the increase to the extent of £15,000,000 only. In fact, the proportion derived from the United Kingdom showed a further considerable diminution of about 3½ per cent. per annum.

Before making any further comment on these results it would be well to set out these figures in another form. In order to see to what extent, if at all, the increased imports are due to the increased population, the following calculations have been made as to the imports per head of the colonial population. In each case the population is taken as that of the middle year of the quinquennium; and this has been estimated on the assumption of an equal increment of population in each of the years between two successive censuses.

Estimated Imports into the Colonies per head of the Colonial Population.

Year.	From all Countries.	From United Kingdom.
1888-92	£ 7 9 2	£ 3 2 8
1893-97	£ 6 14 1	£ 2 13 3
1898-1902	£ 8 14 6	£ 3 3 6

It thus plainly appears that while the imports have increased considerably, and now amount to about £8 14s. 6d. per head, as compared with an average of £7 9s. 2d. only ten years earlier, the imports from the United Kingdom have remained practically stationary in value. Our share therefore of the increasing trade of the colonies, having regard to their growing population and expanding prosperity, is almost infinitesimal. It increases to about the same extent as the population, and we take no share at all in their greater prosperity, rise in purchasing power, and greater development of their resources. Such increases as are found in the aggregate trade of this country with the colonies appear probably to have been caused by our preferential treatment in the customs duties levied on imported commodities.

Though it may be said that the trade with any country, or even any series of countries less than the universe, is no fair criterion of the direction and trend of that country's trade, yet it must be admitted that the loss of direct trade is in itself a matter of serious concern. The colonies are obviously important markets for British goods. They require, and to an extent which is increasing day by day, the products which this country manufactures. The trade which can be carried on directly with them is necessarily that which will be in the end more profitable to the nation.

If we turn to the colonial exports, we get the following table:

Exports from Colonies (excluding India) to all Countries, and percentage to United Kingdom (in thousand £).

Period.	All Countries.	United Kingdom.	Percentage to United Kingdom.
1888-92	£129,000	£59,200	45.9
1893-97	£141,300	£69,720	49.2
1898-1902	£183,300	£81,820	44.6

In this case again we find that of the total increase in the exports of £54,000,000 in about ten years, the increase to the United Kingdom was £22,600,000, an amount which is just less than our proportion. The figures for the last two periods show, however, a

tendency for the proportion of exports to this country to diminish seriously. When it is remembered that the imports from the colonies consist almost entirely of raw materials such as wool and timber, and of food stuffs, the gravity of the situation which is likely to arise in a few years in view of the importance to the colonies of non-British markets cannot be exaggerated.

The exports from the colonies are further stated in the following table to show the amount which these exports represent in respect of the population:

Period.	Exports from Colonies (excluding India) per head of Colonial Population.			United Kingdom.		
	All Countries.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.	
1888-92	6	18	5	3	4	0
1893-97	7	0	0	3	5	4
1898-1902	8	1	10	3	15	5

Compared with the growing population of the colonies it is thus seen that while the export trade has increased with all countries to the extent of £1 10s. 5d. per head in about ten years, the increase with the United Kingdom is only 11s. 5d., or hardly more than one-third of that amount. The increase in the per capita export trade of the colonies with all countries other than the United Kingdom is about 25 per cent. in a period of ten years. With the United Kingdom the corresponding increase is 16 per cent. only.

THE CITY.

IT appears highly probable that there will be no change in the Bank rate this year, for though the gold exports have been somewhat heavier than was anticipated—mainly in consequence of the bumper crops in the Argentine—the Bank's position is still above the strength shown at the corresponding period of last year. With the virtual assurance of a 3 per cent. rate for the remainder of the year we look for a resumption of the activity in the Stock markets which has for the present received a check, partly from some apprehension as to the money outlook until the Bank return of Thursday was published, and more especially in sympathy with the rumours which were current during the earlier part of the week as to the political situation. A "nineteen day" account always finds the Stock Exchange ready to receive with faith the news sent by press correspondents so long as the news is bad. There was no exception in regard to the statements as to the reported collision between the Afghans and the Russians, which were elaborated with so much detail that from infectious fear selling began in almost every market. The recent speech of Lord Selborne was construed as a sort of solemn overture to the war which was about to begin between Russia and England on the borders of India and the blowing up of a Russian magazine by the Afghans was regarded as a natural preliminary: it was all of course most unreasoning and stupid. However the scare died away, leaving the jobbers a little more nervous and anxious for the close of an account which has so often in the past proved of ill omen.

The feature of interest has been the Japanese loan, which has gone better than was anticipated, having been subscribed about fourteen times over; we understand that the small investor has received special consideration, which is as it should be. The 5 per cent. debenture issue on behalf of Cleghorn and Harris will make its appearance early next week, and a loan for the colony of New Zealand is under consideration; but it is not yet decided whether the issue shall take the form of debentures for a short term or inscribed stock with a longer currency.

The Home railway market has been dull, with the exception of the Hull and Barnsley shares on reports that the line was to be transferred to the Great Northern, but there is no confirmation of the news. American railroad shares have been irregular but support from New York has been in evidence and prices show little change on balance for the week. Rio Tinto shares have been bought and the copper market is believed to hold the view that, on merits of the price of the metal, Tintos should go much higher; to those who are wealthy enough to afford the luxury of buying shares at £62 a purchase might prove very satisfactory.

The South African mining market has not been so active and the "bull" account which has been built up by professional operators served to weaken the resistance when the selling induced by the scare to which we have referred took place. However, the underlying strength of the market is undeniable and although prices may tail off a fraction or so before the account day we regard this market as offering greater opportunity than any other at the moment to the investor.

Among miscellaneous shares the Fine Cotton Spinners have been bought on Manchester account and we trust this is a substantial reflection of an improvement in the industry.

The new departure announced by the Lancashire and Yorkshire Banking Company in the establishment of a Savings Bank department has given rise to much discussion among bankers. It is certainly difficult to see how the new business can pay. The extra clerical labour involved must be considerable; and it is reasonable to suppose that the ordinary depositor will begin to agitate for interest on his monies also, as the Savings Bank depositor is not required to give notice of withdrawal and, except in name, will be an ordinary customer. The immediate effect will be to bring the bank into competition with the Post Office. If any great success attends the new scheme we assume it will be adopted by other banks—a general action of this sort would certainly operate as a check to the growth of municipal banking.

INSURANCE.

THE SALE OF THE HAND-IN-HAND.

THE Hand-in-Hand Insurance Society is to be bought by the Commercial Union, provided the terms agreed upon between the two companies receive parliamentary sanction and are approved by the policy-holders and shareholders respectively of the two companies. It is with much regret that we find ourselves in a position to confirm the rumours to this effect which have been current for some time. The Hand-in-Hand is the oldest insurance society in existence, having been founded in the seventeenth century, and we can ill afford to lose a society which, besides having a long and interesting history, is a foremost exponent of all that is soundest and best in modern insurance practice. This is not a case of a company transferring its business because of any weakness in its financial position, want of success, or lack of efficient management. Both the Life and Fire branches of the society are exceptionally flourishing and its financial position is as good as, if not better than, that of any other insurance company. The present management has greatly increased the magnitude of the society's business and has introduced a number of excellent policies and policy conditions. The negotiations for the sale of the business did not originate with the Hand-in-Hand, but an offer having been made it became the duty of the directors to consider whether or not it should be accepted in the interests of existing policy-holders.

The society being a mutual office in regard to both its branches the purchase-price of the goodwill necessarily belongs to the policy-holders. The goodwill of such a company is obviously readily saleable and of very great value. To sell the business means a great gain to the participating policy-holders in both branches. It means, in one form or another, bonus additions to their policies such as not even the exceptional prosperity and financial strength of the Hand-in-Hand could produce. The conclusion seems irresistible that the directors are wise to sell. They are, however, in the position of being able to dictate their own terms since several companies would be willing purchasers.

The transaction, nevertheless, is an extraordinary one and some explanation as to how an offer for purchase came to be made may naturally be looked for. We fancy it is to be found, at least in part, in the friction between the Hand-in-Hand and the other Fire insurance companies with which it is associated in the Fire Offices Committee. The Hand-in-Hand has a very select and profitable Fire insurance business, and,

having no shareholders, the profits from this business are distributed among certain classes of Fire policy-holders. Other companies, that have to pay dividends to shareholders, do not give bonuses on Fire policies and urge that the Hand-in-Hand, by continuing this practice, is selling Fire insurance at a lower rate than the other companies. It is well known that private Fire insurers paying low premiums yield the largest profit and this is the class that especially benefits by the Hand-in-Hand bonus system. Hence the anxiety of the other Tariff offices to prevent a disproportionately large share of the best business going to one office as it certainly does. The Hand-in-Hand by virtue of its mutual character and the profitable nature of its business is strong enough to leave the Tariff if it chooses, in which event it could attract an even larger proportion of the best business than it does now. What more natural than that so strong and inconvenient an office should be got rid of? If we are not mistaken this is the explanation of offers to purchase having been made, and, since the sale of the business involves large benefits for existing policy-holders, the offer is naturally being considered, and if it be deemed adequate the transfer is to be made.

The agreement will doubtless provide not only for the maintenance of bonuses at the existing rates, for which the funds of the Hand-in-Hand are sufficient to provide, and leave an unappropriated balance of more than a quarter of a million, but the Commercial Union will have to guarantee very substantial bonuses in addition.

We must reserve for another occasion the consideration of the transaction from the point of view of the Commercial Union, but it is natural to look at the matter first from the standpoint of the Hand-in-Hand, which is much the more interesting, and, properly regarded, much the more important of the two companies. Provided the guarantees of the Commercial Union are adequate and the price paid sufficient, the conclusion is irresistible that the policy-holders of the Hand-in-Hand would do well to sell. In the best interests of insurance in general, however, the transfer is to be regretted; the officials of the Commercial Union would be the first to admit that the transfer involves the absorption of a superior office by an inferior.

MOROCCO.*

SAYS the author in his preface, "so soon as civilising missions and missionaries have pegged out their claims, even the desert is deemed incomplete ('incomplete' is a good adjective) without a modern hotel or two fitted with electric light, monstrous tariff etc. etc." It is too true, and from the plea that by means of the modern hotel with its electric light and monstrous tariff thousands see the desert who would never have seen it but for the "pegging out" the author refers to, I gather that he is of opinion that the tourist who visits the desert really sees nothing but the hotel. I think there is much in this, for a desert cannot be seen from an hotel, for its true essence, which is primarily discomfort, is thereby taken away from it. Is it to be believed for a moment that the millionaire who takes a deer forest in Scotland ever sees anything of the Highlands? Both Highlands and Desert are essentially the countries of poor men; of men who travelled on their camels and shuffling ponies and who their day's journey over, slept on the sand or on the heather and ate a morsel of oatcake and cheese or a handful of dates washed down with water. So that the millionaire or travelling rich man sees nothing more of Desert or of Highlands than we, the inhabitants of this poor earth, see of the mountains of the moon. Starting off from that standpoint, it is not strange that Mr. Bensusan's book is entirely different from that the ordinary traveller turns out. He looks at Moors as he would look at any other kind of men, and judges them as far as may be from their own standpoint and recognises that there does not exist a thing called "absolute morality", but that it

varies greatly in different countries and amongst every race of men.

This point of view, which it seems almost superfluous to insist on as being the only one consistent with the laws of common sense, is still unusual even with those who think they are quite free from prejudice. But be this as it may the book produced is interesting, and goes to prove that, given observation and an unbiassed mind, a book of travels in which the traveller starts from London and goes no further than Penzance is much more interesting than one which treats of countries almost unknown, from the home standpoint, and with the "natives" judged as if they were Englishmen. This leads me into a digression, and I begin to think that these self-same digressions are my bane, that is as book reviewer; but I think I ought to register my protest against the use of the word "native" in the ordinary traveller's book. The world, it would seem, is populated but by two races: the one, God's Englishmen, the other "natives"; for I observe the term is used by writers even when treating of Germany or France.

It does not seem a bad idea to go a-travelling with your painter in ordinary as if you were a king. At all events Mr. Bensusan did so, and Mr. Forrest's sketches set forth the country and the Moors most excellently, although I think that now and then the remembrances of some Gorgeous East or other seem to have made the painter depict the people rather too brightly, for the inhabitants of such a sober land.

The prevailing tint, as it appears to me, of Morocco is a whitish grey, except about the outskirts of Marrakesh or in the desert, to which the travellers did attain. The clothes of everyone are white, or at the least have once been white; the light is dazzlingly white, white are the houses, and now and then in the keen sunshine the sand looks white as snow. Apart from that, in several instances the illustrations manage to convey that peculiar sadness, which is the quality that strikes me most in El Mogrèb.

Into the mysteries of the artist's craft Heaven forefend that I should dare to venture, for is it not a dictum of the fellowship that none but painters should presume to criticise a painter's work? What style of painter it should be I do not know, and fancy that an impressionist, who was criticised by a pre-Raphaelite or vice versa, might possibly have as much to make his moan about as if the critic had been a mere bourgeois, such as am I or any chance reviewer of a book. Mr. Bensusan treats Cape Spartel, which is at least as well known as is Huntingdon, and much more so than Fleetwood or than Maryport, which, so to speak, are waiting for their Columbus, and yet contrives to throw new light upon the place and its vicinity. So of the coast towns, into which the Forwood line of steamers dump their loads of tourists at least twice a month. True it is that these remain an hour or two, the ladies and the elder passengers walking about sedately, holding their noses often betwixt their thumbs and fingers, and remarking that the sanitary arrangements leave a good deal to desire. The younger men rush off to seek the bar-rooms and to search for ladies not too unkind to travelling youth, and find to their disgust that neither has a place amongst the Moors. But it is when the pilgrims of the arts have struck the trail which leads from Mazagán to Marrakesh that the writer is at his best. It seems as if some bond of kindred attached him to the people of the place. And yet of course, Esau and Jacob, though so unlike, were brothers, and Israelites and Arabs are first cousins, the one abiding in the goat's-hair tent, as he has done since the beginning of the world, the other living, for the most part, ready to move on from amongst the unfamiliar people with whom he dwells at the first sign of worse or better times.

How little all the sons of Israel attach themselves to places. To countries, yes; witness their long attachment to unfaithful Spain which cast them out, and yet they still preserve her speech in Smyrna, Constantinople, all through Morocco, in Roumania and the Levant. All this we write, quite without prejudice to the author, who we hope may tarry in the Temple for a thousand years. Meanwhile he says: "I have been struck by the dignity, the patience and the endurance of the

* "Morocco." Painted by A. S. Forrest. Described by S. L. Bensusan. London: Black. 1904. 20s. net.

Moors—to them all is for the best.” Travellers not a few in writing of the Oriental races either fall into ecstasies over their picturesqueness or run into the opposite extreme and dwell upon the fact that few of them take baths, forgetting that to the cultured Oriental the Englishman seems wanting in cleanliness and careless of ablutions which to them are all essential, and so on both sides the same misapprehension grows.

Mr. Bensusan dwells on their mental and their moral qualities, and neither takes them simply as blots of colour in a panorama, or as miserable, degraded wretches, but as men. This attitude of mind is so uncommon that by it alone his book becomes one of the most worth reading which have been written on Morocco, and that although he seems to have little acquaintanceship with Arabic and no special knowledge of the East. In books of travel, as a general rule, humour and wit (though none too common), observation, accuracy and even style, are often stultified by narrowness of outlook, which gives an air as if a man in looking through a telescope should strive, whilst gazing at a distant object, to preserve the atmosphere and the perspective of his unaided eye and natural retina. Not though that the writer is deficient in a certain (I had almost written “pawky”) humour almost Scottish in its dryness, as when meeting an emissary of the Pretender Bu-Amara by a well, on his way to preach the principles of his master, he observes, “he carried his life in his hands . . . but the burden was not enough to trouble him”. It has always seemed to me that the chief reason why the Oriental is more free from care than is the Western is that his life does not oppress him nearly so much, perhaps because his property is not so well secured to him, and thus it may be that good laws and well-administered governments are really but a curse.

This is the note of all the book, that perhaps the Oriental in his indifference to life and property may have taken a better way to happiness than we, the chosen of the Lord, have done. But let not the reader think the author is the least blind to the defects of Orientals and of Moors. Perhaps, being descended of Oriental folk himself, he sees more clearly than a Kelto-Saxon could, into the inner workings of the Oriental mind and recognises with his head that El Mogrèb is doomed, whilst with his heart he wishes (as all who love the country must wish) that the old order should endure.

Strange, in Morocco and in Turkey and in all countries of the same kidney, that the touring stranger is the loudest in the cry for change, and for immediate moral sanitation, after the school of Wall Street and Mark Lane. For him all is abomination, and he is certain that the Moors or Turks are willing, one and all, to become British subjects, elect their County Councillors, wear shoddy clothes, and rub their stomachs when they see the Union Jack. Those who know more about the places—and it is proof conclusive that a certain school of Anglo-Indians think the same of India—opine that strive as best we may by purifying justice, making both life and property secure, teaching our faith and our morality, and putting down good drains, we do not add a tittle to the Oriental's joy of life. If this is so, the present book has been by no means writ in vain, and so I take my leave of it, begging the casual reader to mark and learn some interesting facts about a country which, almost alone of all the countries in the world except Arabia, has preserved the life intact, as it is set down in the great chronicles of Arab and of Jewish life, that we hold sacred.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME-GRAHAM.

LATEST DISCOVERIES AT SUSA.*—II.

MOST of the minor bronzes found during the last campaign are votive offerings of which I shall have a word to say afterwards, but they do not differ essentially in style or workmanship from the ones discovered at Sirpourla (Tell-Loh), and other places in Chaldæa or Assyria. An exception must be made for a small vase in “repoussé” work, unique of its

kind, which affords another interesting illustration of Elamite craft. It is in the shape of a tumbler, adorned with a double frieze of animals,—four reclining oxen on the upper zone, the same number of walking wild asses on the lower one—all wonderfully natural, and full of life. The technique is very peculiar, the heads and necks of the animals projecting in high relief, whilst their legs and backs are in low relief, with chased details. The bottom of the tumbler is decorated underneath with fine chased interlacings. The vase is a masterpiece of skill,—but notwithstanding the beauty of the details, the ensemble has a rather queer and unpleasant appearance: it lacks that perfect harmony of form, and subordination of the details to the whole, which characterise Greek art even at such an early period as what we call the Mycenaean Age, and of which we have such magnificent examples in the golden cups from Vaphion.

No less characteristic than the large bronzes of the very high standard which Elamite art and craft had reached towards the middle and latter half of the second millennium B.C. are two monumental reclining lions in light green enamelled baked clay, the one larger than nature, the other about life-size, both found among the ruins of the temple of In-Shushinak. Nothing but the heads and necks, with the breasts, fore-paws and some fragments of the backs, has been recovered, but the remnants of the pedestal on which the figures rested show that they must have been entire. They are magnificent examples of animal representation, full of style and nobleness; like Queen Napir asu's bronze statue they are no less remarkable from a technical than from an æsthetic point of view, constituting as they do by far the largest specimens of antique enamelled ware ever brought to light. The eyes are formed by inlaid pebbles with enamelled balls.

The process of enamelling baked clay must have been quite current at Shushan towards the end of the second millennium B.C., as shown by the enamelled bricks bearing the name of King Shilhak In-Shushinak, of which a quantity have been found.

To the same branch of industrial craft belongs the more refined process of glazed stoneware (*grès émaillé*), which makes its appearance a little later, and of which many fine specimens have been recovered. The two more curious and interesting ones are moveable head-gears, originally destined to be put on statues; the smaller one, which could only have fitted a statuette about one-third of life-size, is in the shape of a long wig, or rather of a low helmet, meant to cover the neck and shoulders, whilst the larger one represents a sort of huge spherical bonnet or cap, flattened down at the top, and must have adorned a big statue. Both are studded all over with bronze nails which in the case of the small helmet are still covered by a thin gold leaf.

With the exception of two reclining lions, of a rather archaic and conventional style, found about five feet lower than the enamelled ones, nothing but fragments of larger works of sculpture in stone was unearthed last winter. The minor ones include an interesting series of “*kudurrus*” or land-marks, of the “*caillou Michaux*” type, bearing the ordinary imprecations against trespassers, with the usual representations of the gods and demons invoked in the imprecations. None of these sculptures can be referred specially to Elamite art, the inscriptions being all in some Semitic dialect of the time of the Kassite rule over Babylonia and adjacent countries (from about 1500 to 1160 B.C.). The greater part of them, including a headless statuette in diorite of the time of Gudea (and thus more than a thousand years older than the ones bearing Kassite inscriptions) are again trophies of war brought home by King Shutruk-Nahhunte.

Whilst most of the larger monuments have been mutilated, broken to pieces or carried away during the sack of Shushan by Assurbanipal, an immense quantity of smaller ones, many of them of the highest artistic and archæological value, did happily escape the greedy vandalism of the Assyrians, being buried in the beaten clay which formed the foundations of the destroyed temples and shrines. It seems to have been a general habit, common to all the peoples of Mesopotamia, to throw offerings in this clay—whilst still fresh and

* See SATURDAY REVIEW, 15 October, p. 485.

before it was covered over by the slabs on which the walls rested—in order to propitiate the gods. When the buildings were restored, renewed, or enlarged, the previous offerings were carefully collected and added to the new ones. Thanks to this pious custom, the foundations of the big temple of Shushan, dedicated to the great god In Shushinak, with shrines to all the minor deities, yielded last season an invaluable gathering of minor works of art and craft of all kinds and of all descriptions, from the most costly votive offerings in gold, silver, bronze, or precious stones, down to the humblest and plainest trinkets, including even games and children's toys. They number several thousands,* and cover a period of nearly a millennium and a half; to note them in detail would take a volume, and I must restrict myself to a few of the more important articles, beginning with the inscribed ones, which supply us with chronological data for the whole find.

The Anzanite text of King Shilhak In Shushinak referred to in my previous article, mentions only Elamite lords and kings amongst the early contributors to the making of the big temple, whilst the dedicatory inscription in Semitic language, recovered from the foundations, carries us back to the time when Shushan was still under the suzerainty of the first kings of Ur. This new text repeats itself word for word on the two bronze "foundation nails"† in the shape of figures carrying baskets on their heads, and on the two accompanying square tablets of dark-grey alabaster,‡ which were intended to record the foundation or dedication of the temple, and were laid down, not in the clay itself, like the bulk of the offerings, but in a special niche hollowed out for the purpose underneath the slabs—according to the general use in similar cases. It must be interpreted as follows:—

To Shushinak his king,
Dunghi, the mighty hero,
king of Ur,
king of Sumer and Accad,
A-ar lil-shu,
his beloved temple,
has built.

On a thin pierced cylinder of red carnelian, found in the same niche, one reads:—

to Nin-Gal
his mother,
Dunghi
god of his country,
king of Ur,
king of the four regions,
for his life,
has devoted (this).

King Dunghi, who thus appears as the early builder and dedicator of the temple, ruled over Ur and adjacent countries some time during the second quarter of the third millennium B.C. He is anterior to Idadu I. who heads Shilhak In Shushinak's list, and whom in my first article I erroneously placed, through a slip of the pen, in the fourth millennium B.C., instead of in the second half of the third.

The only inscribed articles recovered from the foundations, outside the dedicatory niche, are a pierced onyx scaraboid bearing the name of the Kassite Babylonian king Kurigalzu, who reduced Elam under Babylon's

dominion towards 1400 B.C.,—two thin fragmentary golden tablets, with incomplete texts, and a good many cylinder-shaped seals, also of the time of the Kassite kings, whose rule over the greater part of Mesopotamia extended till 1160 B.C., when they were overthrown by the great Elamite conqueror Shutruk-Nahhunte.

We have thus two extreme dates, viz. 2600 B.C. (the approximate date of King Dunghi) and 1160 B.C.—between which most of the offerings must be placed; some of them however may be anterior to the earlier of these dates, and some posterior to the later one, as the temple must have existed before Dunghi,—and as Shutruk Nahhunte and his successors, principally Shilhak In Shushinak, did not cease to keep it in good order and add to it.

The cylinders and the more important offerings were invariably found underneath slabs supporting corners where the walls of the upper building met: one of these spots in particular has yielded a real treasure, gathered together within an area of a few square feet, and comprising the most beautiful pieces of jewelry yet recovered at Shushan. The finest of all is a small sceptre* of grey schist with a gold mounting in the shape of a lion's head of the most refined art and exquisite workmanship. Next come two statuettes,† one in gold, the other in silver, both solid, on square bronze pedestals, forming pendants and representing most likely divinities: the figures are standing, the right arm being extended, and the hand raised as if blessing; the golden one carries a kid, the silver one a lamb on its left arm. They are naked down to the waist and tattooed all over the upper part of the body with small stars indicating their divine nature; they wear their hair in a net coming down from under a double diadem, and have long beards, the moustache being oddly divided on each side in three curled horns. Their only garment is a long skirt terminated below by a broad fringe from under which the feet appear. The workmanship, somewhat different from the one of the sceptre, and more archaic in style, is equally perfect and highly finished, the most minute details being indicated by engraved or chased lines and dots. A serpent's head in electrum with jaws wide open, and another one in silver with part of the neck and body preserved, and eyes in lapis-lazuli,—also of great beauty,—were probably tops of staffs or large sceptres. Finally, a series of golden rings of various patterns forestalls the most perfect products of Etruscan craft.

The extraordinary artistic skill of Elamite operatives is further illustrated in the same gathering by two exquisite works in lapis-lazuli, viz. a footless dove, over four inches long, studded with golden nails, and complete with the exception of the beak which was also in gold like the eyes which still exist—and a tiny bull's head, with a golden suspension ring.

Among the many statuettes in bronze recovered from the foundations of the temple the most interesting is a bearded figure seated on a throne in front of a high screen or wall, against which three huge serpents are climbing from behind, their heads overlapping the screen. The figure seems to press another serpent against its breast, and holds its right hand up, in the attitude of blessing or worshipping.

Such are some of the main yields of last winter's excavations; what the future still keeps in store may be gathered from the fact that up to now scarcely one-sixth of the "tell" has been explored, and that the more ancient portion has not been touched yet. Thanks to M. de Morgan and his most able associates,—among whom Father Scheil, with his wonderful learning and stupendous activity in editing all the more important texts within a few months from their discovery,‡ stands

* There are about 190 articles in gold, and 1,000 in silver; the ones in bronze—in hard or precious stones, such as carnelian, lapis-lazuli, onyx, rock-crystal, &c.—in ivory or bone—in limestone, terracotta, or enamelled paste, &c., are simply countless.

† Height 10½ inches. Similar foundation or dedicatory nails—and some of different patterns—have been discovered in the foundations of most of the temples excavated in Mesopotamia. The ones representing figures carrying hampers are very likely symbolical of a ceremony akin to our "laying the first stone," in which the founder or dedicator himself carried the first hamper of clay.

‡ 2.36 x 2.36 inches.

§ This inscription and the following one are not published yet: I owe their communication and interpretation to the kindness of Father Scheil.

|| "A-ar lil-shu" is the name of the temple: the meaning of the ideograms forming this name is still uncertain.

¶ Nin-Gal = the Great Lady, is the name of the goddess of fecundity, the prototype of the "Great Mother" in later Oriental and Greco-Oriental religions.

* Total length 6½ inches; length of golden mounting 2⅞ inches.

† Height with the pedestal about 2½ inches; the golden one is a very little taller than the silver one.

‡ The 7½ feet high obelisk-shaped monolith, on the four sides of which Hammurabi's Code is engraved, was discovered in three pieces, partly in December 1901 partly in January 1902. Less than eight months later, the whole of the text, comprising 4,000 lines of cuneiform ideograms and phonetic signs,—transcribed and translated by Father Scheil with a commentary and notes, was issued to the public by Ernest Leroux, in the IVth volume of the "Mémoires de la Délégation en Perse." This breaks the record of all publications of the kind, as well on the part of the publisher as on that of the eminent editor.

prominent—a new chapter has been opened in the history of the world, and is growing every year in interest and importance. This new chapter will soon be as complete as the ones relating to Egypt, Greece and Rome, and promises already to throw in time some decisive light on the true origins of human civilisation.

A. VAN BRANTEGHEM.

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

IF Rossetti had been living he would have said of Mr. John's pictures in the New English Art Club that they were "stunners". No other word can give a quite adequate idea of the forthright achievement, the vital draughtsmanship, the splendid modelling, the abounding life, of such heads as the two studies from the same model called "Ardour" and "Dorelia", the head of an old man, and the drawing of "Goton". Is this last meant to be a study for one of the least decorous heroines of the *Memoirs of Casanova*? There is a Goton there, certainly unforgettable, who may perhaps have sat, in Mr. John's unhesitating head, for this brilliant drawing. But the name, however characteristic, means little enough in such painter's work as this, snatched straight from nature. Its appeal is direct and final.

Mr. John is already, I suppose, known to everyone who cares for such matters as a great draughtsman; he here shows himself, and for the first time, as one who is capable of becoming a great painter. The pictures of his which I have seen till now were obviously experimental, and none of them quite fulfilled the promise of the drawings. But in the three paintings I have named, and in the half-length portrait called "Carlotta", which one would imagine to have led up to them, not without a slight hesitation by the way, there is mastery, and, in the heads, an intensity of characterisation which goes further than any of the rapid summaries of the drawings, and seems to be wrung out of the features by an act of violence. In the set grimace of the "Dorelia" and in the gaily diabolical suction of the eyes and cheeks in the "Ardour" there is something which gives grandeur to vulgarity. They are set there with a kind of angry indifference, which is part of the humour of young strength; and they cry out against the dolls of all the studios. There is in them nothing but sound work, work done with a wise simplicity and economy of means; there is absolutely no display, nothing that calls off the attention from a single downright aim; they may be said to imply a hatred of the pretty and the ordinary, but do no more than imply it; there is, in short, only a hand firmly and copiously at work in obedience to a firm and copious will to see.

The chief interest of this exhibition is certainly the affirmation of the talent of Mr. John, because Mr. John is a new man; but there are two or three other pictures which come only next to his in their arresting power. In Mr. Sargent's acceptance of material, of anything to try his hand on, there is none of the conviction which seems to clench itself with an oath in the pictures of Mr. John. But how his two canvases live! In the "Sketch" a jaunty and insolent person, dressed with ostentatious inattention, setting his heels hard on the floor, and facing close scrutiny with his hat crushed defiantly upon his head, not only jumps, as the phrase is, out of the canvas, but seems to jump literally in it. It is the equivalent in paint of the art of Mr. Kipling when it is most vigorous, rapid, and, in the manner of a searchlight, searching. Part of its aim is to startle, and it startles; part, to give you, without selection, a handful of life, and life moves to you, as your eye receives it. The "Studio" is a small picture very cunningly composed, an aspect caught on the cross with a luck which is no doubt mere skill. The man, the character of his attitude, the angle of the small room, with the bed, the sprawling sheets, the coloured sketches tossed hither and thither, the tilt of the canvas across the bed, the picture still wet on the canvas: all this is rendered with a direct, accidental art which lassoes things seen and drags them violently whither it will. And it has not only skill but beauty, a sense of what is actually beautiful in casual things seen

anywhere, under the natural magic of light. It is a momentary escape, into liberty and the private lust of the eyes, of the painter of imperial portraits.

After these pictures, which all assert themselves, and force you to stop before them, there is a picture that draws you towards it by a different kind of attraction. Mr. Rothenstein's "Deserted Quarry" is the finest picture he has yet painted, and deserves the praise that was given to his "Talmud School" of last year, when he was but feeling his way towards this more definitely achieved result. Here, at last, he has rendered, in his careful and deliberate way, an aspect which has given up its beauty to him, reluctantly but almost completely. The design is curiously original, and there is a brooding quality, an emotion made directly out of this great angle of black beams against the upper rocks and the sky, the shapes of the rocks, precise and yet mysterious, the dark rich colours retreating uneasily into the shadow from the lighted foreground; there is a bare and solemn poetry in it, as of a crabbed and coloured lyric of Donne. Only the technique still remains not wholly in keeping with the conception; as in the picture of last year, but not so painfully, there is a gloss which does not quite allow that conception to achieve itself in any real capture of the texture of natural things.

It is here, in precisely this capture, and often in so little beyond it, that Mr. Steer's strength lies. His "Storm" is by far the finest of the three pictures which he exhibits, and, in the fierce sky and suddenly revealed foreground, in the lonely and resistant tree standing like a tower on the edge of the thunder-cloud, there is a sense of awe, a rendering of the temperament, and not only the texture, of a landscape, which is remarkable in his work. The water-colour drawing of "Hardshaw Scar" has scarcely less force in its grip of an aspect. But the "Twilight", a landscape against a warm sky which is reminiscent of more things than nature, is, while being a capably painted picture, no more than the equivalent of what in literature would be second-rate poetry: it reveals no individuality, is no new reading of nature, as the "Storm", in its own way, certainly is. The "Portrait in Black" loses by being set but a frame's length from Mr. John's half-length of "Carlotta". There is a marvel of a gilt cane chair, a lovely curtain, a black dress painted as cleverly as the black domino of last year; and beyond, nothing. Now a portrait, even if it be no more than the study of a model, and part of a study of light and texture, should be, first of all, a portrait; especially when the head is treated, as it is here, at least as minutely as any part of the properties. Yet this head is inane, not because the model may have had an inane face, but because Mr. Steer has copied her face as if he were copying a chair, and with less sympathy for the meaning of her eyes and mouth than for the actual pattern of the chair upon which she sits. Turn from this study of a woman to the study of a woman by Mr. John which hangs beside it, and notice, in not the most startling of Mr. John's paintings of life, how much more there is in this look, gesture, attitude, in the whole person sitting there; notice how freely she breathes, and how the other sits and holds her breath to be looked at.

Among the other portraits here M. Jacques Blanche's picture of Mr. Charles Shannon and Mr. Ricketts is a brilliant improvisation, which it would be interesting to contrast with the carefully elaborated study of the same models by Mr. Shannon himself, in the New Gallery. A similar contrast might be made between Mr. Walter Sickert's portrait of Mr. Zangwill and a portrait in the New Gallery of another novelist, Anthony Hope, by Mr. Glazebrook. Both are symbols as well as portraits: Anthony Hope is discovered sitting very large and conspicuous in the corner of an attenuated Hyde Park, and Mr. Zangwill is darkly revealed, a satire or an enigma, looming against an exactly rendered slab of walls and windows in the Ghetto of Venice. But Mr. Sickert's is not only the better picture, but the better joke; for he alone sees the fun of it. Fun less sly, more fantastic and uproarious, is to be found in the out-of-door freak of a painter of interiors, Mr. Orpen, who, in his "Improvisation on an Organ", is seen for once, with an almost exaggerated sense of relief, kicking up his

SUPPLEMENT TO THE
SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,560, Vol. 98.

19 November, 1904.

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A FRENCHWOMAN'S LOVE-LETTERS.

"Correspondance de George Sand et d'Alfred de Musset." London: David Nutt. 1904. 3fr. 50.

"ET nous disons, nous, que le mort illustre renfermé dans cette tombe, se relèvera indigné quand le moment sera venu. . . . Ce sera un monument écrit de ses propres mains, et consacré à sa mémoire par des mains toujours amies." The speaker is George Sand in her preface to "Jean de la Roche" (1859), "le mort illustre" is Alfred de Musset, the "monument" is this collection of letters, "publiée intégralement, et pour la première fois d'après les documents originaux par Félix Décori". The moment has come, but its dramatic effect is spoilt, and the "monument" is cheated of its triumph, for the "précieux dépôt" entrusted by Auctante to M. Décori contains only two letters by Musset which have not been published before, No. 7 in the first series (August 1833) and No. 8 in the second series (June 1834). The remaining thirty-seven are published entirely or partially in M. Mariéton's "Une Histoire d'Amour" (1897-1903), while a few had previously appeared in "L'homme libre" (1877), in Arvède Barine's biography of Musset (1893), and in Clouard's "Documents inédits" (1900). The letters of George Sand appeared in M. Spoelberch de Lovenjoul's "Véritable Histoire" (1897), and in the "Revue de Paris" (November 1896). It may be as well to give a brief history of the guardianship of these letters which "tant de regards ont violés".

In 1840 George Sand obtained her letters from Musset, and promised to return his; the interchange was not however effected—both packets of letters being entrusted to M. Papet a mutual friend, who later, after the poet's death, refused to give them up to his brother Paul, or to burn them according to Alfred's wish. In 1864 George Sand who had been dissuaded from publishing them entrusted the autographs and two copies of the correspondence to M. Emil Auctante, leaving him "seul juge de la mode, et de l'opportunité de la publication". It was from "les mains fidèles mais défaillantes" of Auctante that, in 1903, M. Décori received the correspondence which, it was hoped by both Sandistes and Mussetistes would be found to contain the justification of their respective claims. M. Mariéton has anticipated this disclosure, and has employed the very letters which George Sand believed to be her defence in the construction of his formidable attack. Her letter to Pagello, and the doctor's journal, given by Mariéton, throw a new light on an obscure story, and if we do not now read her fine protests of sincerity with the admiring belief of poor Musset, it is because we have, what he had not, the incontestable proof of her powers of dissimulation, and of a determination to place her actions and motives in the most favourable light, which lays her open to the odious charge of hypocrisy.

When seven months later, having dismissed Pagello, she is again the mistress of Musset, she defends herself against his suspicions in a letter which is a perfect model of feminine finesse and evasiveness. She neither confesses nor denies that she did not wait for Musset's recovery or departure to give herself to Pagello, but contrives with the utmost skill to convey the impression that she is and was always irreproachable, and that Musset outrages her by his interrogations. "Hélas, hélas! . . . N'ai-je pas prévu que tu souffrirais de ce passé qui t'exaltait comme un beau poème, tant que je me refusais à toi, et qui ne te paraît plus qu'un cauchemar, à présent que tu me ressaisis comme une proie?" "Si je suis galant et perfide comme tu sembles me le dire, pourquoi t'acharnes-tu à me reprendre et à me garder?" And he answers "Mon enfant, mon enfant, que je suis coupable envers toi! . . . Ma vie, mon bien suprême, pardon, oh pardon à genoux!"

George Sand est une de ces vieilles ingénues, qui ne veulent jamais quitter les planches." So said Baudelaire who detested her, called her "grosse bête", "lourde et bavarde", and who expressed with greater intensity and violence the irritation which George Sand arouses in the modern mind. She was not contented with being

an ingénue, she was also a male impersonator—hence the double grief against her affectation and her air of "sainteté". In her rôle of heroine she preaches eternally her ideal of a "saint amour" "ce feu qui tend toujours à monter et à s'épurer". "Saint" is her favourite word. Buloz implored her, when correcting the proofs of "Elle et Lui" occasionally to use some other adjective in its stead. She even taught it to Musset, he has the very trick of her writing in his letters, the sublime sentiment, the semi-religious phraseology. She talks of love as "une couronne d'épines qui fleurit". He says, "Oh ma fiancée, pose moi doucement la couronne d'épines". She inspires him with "nos intelligences, dans leur sphère élevée, se sont reconnues comme deux oiseaux des montagnes", "ces deux aigles blessés qui se rencontrent dans le ciel". Love, she tells him, is a temple, "un lieu de refuge sublime où tu iras retremper ton cœur à la flamme éternelle . . . crois-tu donc qu'un amour ou deux suffisent pour épuiser et flétrir une âme forte . . . Jésus dit à Madeleine, il te sera beaucoup remis parce que tu as beaucoup aimé". He is infected with her sentiment, and quotes from a play of Delatouche "deux êtres qui s'aiment sur la terre font un ange dans le ciel", and she reminds him "à cette phrase si belle et sainte, un monsieur du parterre a crié 'Oh quelle coquetterie!'" and hisses stopped the play. Truly, in that heaven of which she was so sure, and where she promises Musset to keep him a place, she might have been puzzled to know whether she should form an angel with Sandeau or de Musset, with Michel de Bourges or Chopin!

When Balzac saw her at Nohant in 1838 he described her in one of his letters to Madame Hanska as "boyish, grand, generous, devoted and chaste—she has the great qualities of a man, ergo she is not womanly". He had no "sensibility" with regard to her sex, and thought her unlovable. "Am I not a man, and a mother?" she might have said. Maurras calls her a feminine "Don Juan" and accuses her of "attacking" her lovers—her declaration of love to Pagello is well known. Her lovers were, with one or two exceptions, younger than herself, frail sensitive beings whom she cherished and adored with maternal tenderness, and who, she would have us believe, wounded her soul's affection with ingratitude and reproach. Poor Pagello speaks with bitterness in his journal of "la sublimité incomprise dont elle avait coutume d'envelopper la lassitude de ses amours". To her came invariably disillusionment and the pain of wounded self-esteem, to them mortification and the torturing pangs of jealousy. Her ardent nature, athirst for love, devoted and generous, was nevertheless incapable of complete self-abnegation and surrender. It is she who must speak, who must advise, who is always right, and whose ideals must be accepted fully. She is too much "l'ange gardien"—she was great, pervasive, eager, a woman of genius, "bon camarade", a passionate lover, but not an ideal mistress. She says to Musset, "Tu m'as reproché de n'avoir jamais su te donner les plaisirs d'amour". She had very little tact, and very little sense of humour, and both were needed in dealing with de Musset. Of all the reproaches which he hurled at her in his moments of frenzy, the one which rankled most in her memory, because it was unanswerable even by her, was "tu es l'ennui personnifié".

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quelque chose de bon en moi je te le dois. Tu es le fil qui me rattache à lui (Dieu)." He is self-reproachful, humble as in his "Confession d'un enfant du siècle" "Rien n'est trop dur pour moi". "J'ai été presque un bourreau"; he is "celui qui n'a pas su t'honorer quand il te possédait". His letters are fervent, passionate, exquisitely poetical, tenderly plaintive, at times he is sublimely courageous, full of the exaltation of renunciation, as in that "Nuit d'enthousiasme" when, according to George Sand, he gave her up to Pagello. At others he is in despair, "inondé de larmes . . . plus vide que la nuit". She writes of her work, her business affairs, of her life with Pagello, her money troubles. She is at first obviously contented with her new lover, he has no such consolation. "Ah, George, tu as été tranquille et heureuse là-bas, tu n'avais rien perdu. Mais sais-tu que c'est que d'attendre un baiser cinq mois?" The letter from which this passage is taken, written from Baden September 1834 when they were once more separated, is the most poignant and exquisite expression of an insatiable, despairing love. "Il est horrible de mourir, il est horrible d'aimer ainsi. Quelle soif, mon George, O quelle soif j'ai de toi . . . mon premier, mon dernier amour."

In October 1834 George Sand took back de Musset, but the memory of Pagello is between them, and "le lendemain du bonheur rêvé", she writes, "tu es plus perdu qu'auparavant puisque, à peine satisfait, c'est contre moi que tuournes ton désespoir et ta colère". It was now her turn to suffer the pangs of neglect, the agony which she inflicted on Musset. During November and December, he refused to see her, and when they did meet he talked of a new mistress. She confided the anguish of these black days to a diary which she afterwards sent him, "Ange de mort" she cries "amour funeste, ô mon destin, sous la figure d'un enfant blond et délicat". In the end she prevailed, and 14 January, 1835, she wrote in triumph to Tattet "Alfred est redevenu mon amant". The torturing scenes of jealousy and recrimination begin again. Worn out at last George Sand determines that this time she shall be first to go, and on 7 March Alfred de Musset, when he goes to see her, finds the house empty. She had fled to Nohant. Arvéde Barine says "Elle eut une crise de foie, et après vint à l'indifférence". He did not recover so easily; the humility, the tenderness of the "Confession" and of the "Nuit de Mai" turned to bitterness and disillusionment in the "Nuit de Décembre" and "Nuit d'Octobre". But with forgetfulness came forgiveness:

"L'instant suprême où je t'oublie
Doit être celui du pardon";

and in 1841 he can philosophise in a manner worthy of George Sand:

"Un jour je fus aimé, j'aimais, elle était belle.
J'enfouis ce trésor dans mon âme immortelle
Et je l'emporte à Dieu."

BEHIND THE MASK.

"Disraeli." By Walter Sichel. London: Methuen. 1904. 12s. 6d. net.

"Beaconsfield." By Walter Sichel. London: Methuen. 1904. 3s. 6d. net.

"Fifty Years of Fleet Street: Recollections of Sir J. R. Robinson." Edited by F. Moy Thomas. London: Macmillan. 1904. 14s. net.

THE authentic book on Disraeli, the Life and Letters, has been talked and rumoured of these many years. Most people were sure that the work would in due season be taken up by Montagu Corry, and now and then paragraphs appeared in the press hinting that certain delicate or difficult matters had at length been made smooth: most people, it turned out, knew nothing. Naturally people wish to have an authoritative book on Disraeli; and it will be unfortunate in many ways if such a work is not carried out. But the task is most formidable. It is doubtful whether there is anyone available at the present time who is fully equipped for it. It might not be hard to find a man with the judgment, the enthusiasm and the sense of responsibility. But far more than this is

necessary. The man selected must combine a singular literary gift with an easy knowledge of high politics, finance, foreign policy, party intrigue. He must be to the manner born, unless he is a mere agent at the disposal of those who are interested in the venture, and can move without embarrassment behind the scene. A remarkable paragraph has been travelling from paper to paper during the last few weeks: it states definitely, though on what authority we do not profess to know, that a gentleman connected with the "Times" and also with a Johannesburg paper is to undertake the Life and Letters of Disraeli. The last paragraph on the subject states that the work must not be expected till the autumn of 1905. Is this a hoax? Assuming it is not, what qualifications has a gentleman, on the strength of the connexion in question, for the task? The "Times" deals journalistically it is true, with literature, finance, high politics. It has capital notices of new books; its daily list of stocks and shares is most useful and trustworthy; its reports of the speeches of leading politicians are indispensable. A man may be thoroughly efficient in any or all three of these branches of useful knowledge, may be able to write notices of books, edit the financial side of a paper, report speeches; in short be a highly capable all-round journalist or publicist. This is not to say he is the best man in England to write the authoritative Life of Disraeli. Unless or until somebody with the rarer accomplishment we have referred to can be found, it would surely be better for the public to content itself with the several interesting and well-written accounts of Disraeli which have already been printed. Mr. Sichel has lately written two books of the kind. One is a volume in the series called "Little Biographies" (which we note embraces such an odd group as Dante, Disraeli, Francis of Assisi and the Young Pretender); the other and larger is called "Disraeli: a Study in Personality and Ideas". Two lives of the same man by the same author brought out in the same month by the same publisher is surely a novel achievement in biography. We hope this will not establish a precedent. Fancy, if some writer tried to beat Mr. Sichel's record! And yet there is talk of slump in the book trade. But in spite of their number Mr. Sichel's "lives" are interesting and suggestive. We do not think that in either book Mr. Sichel contrives to show the world a new man behind the mask: nor can we always make up our mind to see the hero in the heroic proportions he does himself. But Mr. Sichel has originality and a point of view. He can coin a phrase himself too, and he has the right literary touch for a book of this kind. He does not overdo the Disraeli aphorism business, though the temptation must be considerable. Somebody said that the great man was not he who said many very clever, biting things, rather he who having the power to say them restrained himself. Perhaps the good biographer is the man who has the power to quote any number of such sayings of his hero, but knows how to resist the temptation. Even so, it is a wonderful list of matchless aphorism and cutting expression which is necessarily sprinkled through these entertaining pages. "Iron tears from Pluto's cheek" was Peel's sympathy with Disraeli's 1841 speech on the Sugar Duties. "Sir James Graham whom I will not say that I respect, but rather that I regard": and of Sir Charles Wood, the lecturing ex-Chancellor as Mr. Sichel describes him, that he had learned much, but "had still to learn that petulance is not sarcasm, nor insolence invective". Then once more we can read with delight that magnificent contrast between the great minister, the man who "represents a great idea; an idea which he may and can impress on the mind and conscience of a nation" and that other minister who is not great—"a watcher of the atmosphere" furtively sensitive to every change. "Such a person may be a powerful minister, but he is no more a great statesman than the man who gets up behind a carriage is a great whip. Both are disciples of progress. Both may get perhaps a great place. But how far the original momentum is indebted to their powers, and how far their guiding prudence regulates the lash or the rein, it is not necessary for me to notice." In his chapter on "Literature" in the larger volume Mr. Sichel cannot hold his hand, and reading

it we are glad he cannot. Rigby's "little words in great capitals", Tadpole's "Tory men and Whig measures", critics "the men who have failed", and that amazing repartee at the Marylebone election, "On what do you stand?" "On my head"—these and scores of others equally familiar actually seem to lose nothing by familiarity. We are amused to note that Mr. Sichel regards Gladstone's famous eulogy in 1881 as "a delicate speech of guarded appreciation". It did not strike all Mr. Gladstone's friends in this light. One of the closest and most intellectual among them disliked the speech intensely, though he could not be described as an ungenerous critic of Disraeli. Perhaps in a new edition of his book Mr. Sichel might like to mention this: "Let us praise his genius, his wit, his courage; let us call him the greatest Jewish minister since Joseph—but if we say that he deserved the gratitude of the nation and might claim his reward from every part of it, I am afraid we [as Liberals] condemn ourselves." Merciless logic, we fancy, from which there was no real escape. But eulogies of the kind simply must be inconsistent with past conduct and opposition.

"Fifty Years of Fleet Street"—the "Recollections of Sir J. R. Robinson"—is fresh proof that you do not necessarily succeed in getting behind the mask to the man by being on friendly social terms with him. This book is packed with personal gossip and anecdotes about Mr. Gladstone, Lord Rosebery and other leading politicians. Sir John Robinson set down these things in his diaries and Mr. Moy Thomas has arranged and edited the whole. We get no nearer to the real man in spite of these touches of intimacy and personal odds and ends. We think that the editor might have pruned the material more severely than he has done. Is it quite excusable to dwell on Lord Rosebery's private talk about the dispiriting effect of the "predominant partner" speech? It is good copy certainly, but the line should be drawn: Lord Rosebery might be as much a figure of the past as Palmerston or Russell for all the consideration in this matter he gets at the editor's hands. Nor can we greet with the guffaw that is expected of us the story that is supposed to illustrate Sir J. R. Robinson's wit. When Mr. Ritchie—a "rather heavy man"—smashes a drawing-room chair under him and drops heavily to the ground, the wit exclaims "That is the third seat he has lost!" referring to his defeat at the two elections. Bargee banter is well in its place; but its place is not in the boudoir.

These reminiscences and personal sketches are more excusable and to our mind a great deal more interesting when they refer to men like J. W. Henley, Tom Baring, the brilliant free-lance whom Disraeli vainly tried to make Chancellor of the Exchequer, Slingsby Duncombe, dandy and demagogue, and Sibthorp, who hated railways as Cobbett hated banknotes. Of Henley we have talked to an old Parliamentarian who remembered him well and was greatly impressed by his tenacity and power in debate. Sir John Robinson recalls several of Henley's sayings: he it was who first used the expression "an ugly rush". Speaking of Mill and Bright and their land policy he said: "Both these gentlemen proceed by somewhat violent modes, one of which may perhaps be designated as rape, the other by the gentler phrase seduction." Mr. Moy Thomas thinks that in these days the House of Commons would not have suffered such metaphor as this in a younger man. We think on the contrary that it would have been delighted by it, regardless of the age of the member. Was it not of Bernal Osborne that a friend sitting next him in the House whispered to his neighbour, of some indiscreet jibe, "I am glad I was not born so clever as that"? We wonder what has become of the little collection of aphorisms which Osborne had privately printed. To judge by one or two specimens which Sir John Robinson's diaries exhibit, it must have been worth reading: for instance—"Some persons are irreproachable because unapproachable". We could give the name of at least one paradoxist and aphorist of to-day who writes and publishes sayings which are poor affected things by contrast with Osborne's. And by contrast with Disraeli's—!

THE FLOWERS' ADDRESS BOOK.

"Flora of Hampshire." New Edition with numerous additions. By Frederick Townsend. London: Lovell Reeve. 1904. 21s.

ONE ought to live seventy lives and have seventy thousand a year", so a naturalist wrote to a friend with whom he had been discussing two or three matters about the habits and plumage of birds—for instance, why is a rook black? How does a great bird soar up and up without the least perceptible wing movement or exertion? How—after all that Pettigrew and other experts have said on the question—does a bird fly? Such little puzzles may seem for babies, trifles to him who "keeps up" with science—physics, say, biology, or astronomy, and perhaps all the rest—and feels that he has a grip of the best opinion and trend. Why potter away time over such little things as a rook's colour or the baldness of its cheeks, when we can take a hand in the high politics of science, by the aid of text-book or museum lecture track life down to the cell, discuss the possibility of creating it for ourselves some day out of inorganic things? But if the man of "broad general culture" disapprove of our spending time over little problems such as these of the black bird and its flight, when we can solve the desperate riddle of the universe, unpeople the Milky Way with Mr. Wallace, or with the German professor think to note the movements, suspiciously like those of life, in the atoms of inorganic matter, what will he say of a county list of plants and ferns? In the new edition of the Hampshire Flora, Mr. Townsend remarks of the purple cow-wheat, "I saw it in abundance above Steephill and St. Lawrence in 1844". He has been then for sixty years, possibly more, collecting information for his plant lists, for his tens of thousands of localities or habitats of flowers, grasses and ferns of a single county. A shocking waste of time from the standpoint of broad general culture perhaps. Would it not be better, some will say, if he must specialise in plants, to devote these years and habits of precise accuracy to one flower with intent to reach its very essence and meaning?

"Little flower—but if I could understand"—

Sixty years of patient toil and of intellect and the habit of scientific precision laid out on the life and history of a single flower or group of flowers might bring us a little nearer to the origin and destiny of plant life, to the soul of the flower, so to say. There would be something in the contention. One can well imagine a man so strongly equipped as Mr. Townsend bringing us by such study into more intimate touch with the inner, hidden life of the flower. But this is not to say that the ground which, instead, he has chosen to cover is barren. His lists do not help us to the origin, the evolution of the flower, tell us nought of its marriage rites and priests, its struggle for existence and its untold profusion of pollen first and seed afterwards in that vegetable world whose great principle seems to be "waste—and want not". But if it minister to the delight of the many who can care for flowers quite apart from this side of things, can help us to find them in their native field and coppice, and refresh us in the very turning over of the pages, it has not been made in vain. This is what Mr. Townsend's volume does. It is in the main a reference book—the plants' address book. It is a reference book of perhaps rather a severe type resembling—to liken it to human being reference books—Boyle or Royal Blue Book rather than the new-fashioned ones which tickle their public with the ages and games and other personalia of the individuals included. Mr. Townsend rarely suffers himself to give what we may call entertaining personal notes about his plants. When he does relax, we like it. Several times he relaxes over his trees. We seem to see him taking the girth of his Selborne or his Hayling Island great yew as fondly as Olivia clasped the oak of Summer-chase. "Dr. Bromfield wrote in 1879 that the yew in Selborne churchyard 'was found to measure a year or two back 24½ feet in circumference at 4 feet from the ground'. He was mistaken in thinking that this tree measures less than that in Hayling." We missed the great yew at Hayling

when last there—on a May day when the turf by the sea was biting blue in patches where that exquisite little flower, Dillenius' dog violet, blossomed. But we doubt whether either of these yews has been vaster than one of which Mr. Townsend does not tell. It is in the churchyard of a small and remote village in this county, and in no account of great yews have we ever seen a note on it. As regards the noble yew at Selborne, its adumbrage a few years ago was twenty-four yards; whilst at four feet from the ground its girth was twenty-five and a half feet. It is a male; and of amorous temperament judging by what White observed of it at its courting time of year—"in the spring [it] sheds clouds of dust, and fills the atmosphere around with its farina". Good Hampshire folk care much for their yews; and will not hear that the tree is not indigenous. This is a grand tree throughout the year; before the faint flush of earliest spring its grave green is "kindled at the tips" with rows of tiny balls yellow-green with just a thought of red about them, and its smoke that lives is cast abroad; as later when it "passes into gloom again".

You do not read an address book steadily through from beginning to end, so we are not sure yet whether Mr. Townsend has added materially to these occasional notes at the end of his list of localities. But we think we know every note in the first edition of his book, which appeared more than twenty years ago. Why should the white meadow saxifrage act as a kind of gravel dowser? Mr. Townsend reminds us that the authors of the botanical matter in the Annual Hampshire Repository say this is always the case. We have certainly noticed this pretty flower—is it so scarce by the way as Mr. Townsend thinks? We might furnish a fresh address or two for it—growing in spots where we feel pretty sure gravel exists. It grows here and there along a turfy roadside, away up into the lonely downs. Such a road for flowers! This saxifrage in May, by the gravel drift of some great lost river perhaps, and the coppices near by simply painted with Gerard's dog violets and anemones whose white is sometimes stained out by purple. Later comes an abundance of the musk mallow, which blooms white in the garden and pink in the lane or wood edge; then rosebay and dark mullein—the moth mullein is no doubt rare in the county. We have never had the fortune to find it; but we should describe this dark mullein, *Verbascum nigrum*, not with Mr. Townsend as "rather" but as downright common on the chalk. It was up this roadway that we found one day the water avens growing in a woodway miles from the nearest watercourse. Erasmus Darwin wrote of the loves of the plants, as Charles of their marriage customs. The travels of the plants have long appealed to some of us as a subject of singular interest. Toothwort, bee and butterfly orchis, rosebay, herb Paris and alien mimulus, we have found them in new quarters since Mr. Townsend sent forth his first edition; but their courier, who was he? is a question to which the only reply must be a guess. A procession of them is before us as we take up Mr. Townsend's book and turn over the pages: fringed buckbean and bog pimpernel from the wet heath; crowds of orchises, conopsea, that scent one meadow near Romsey at eve; campion that paints an acre of hill; marsh helleborine with its jewels of nectar. Life is so contemptibly short, its occupations so many and pressing, that we have not even time to enjoy to the full the beauty in form and device of the flowers that grow in a square mile of England.

DEER STALKING.

"Stalking Sketches." By Captain H. Hart-Davis. London: Horace Cox. 1904. 10s. 6d.

IT is not difficult to understand the fascination of deer stalking; the pity of it is that so few people are in a position to indulge in the sport. From the very earliest times, in every country where deer have existed, the chase of the wild stag has appealed to the mightiest sportsmen, under widely different conditions, no doubt, from those of our day; but it was then, as it is now, the sport of the few and not of the many. The notorious Mr. Jorrock says that foxhunting is the sport of kings. It would be much truer to put deer stalking in its place, for

whatever may be said of the glories and delights of fox-hunting, and there is much, it cannot be denied that far more kings have indulged in deer stalking. It has been said that the essence of true sport is the danger attached to it. If this be true and in a certain sense it is, then deer stalking must come after riding to hounds. We say this advisedly, for of the thousands who go out hunting it is but a remarkably small number that ride to hounds. The remainder are never in any danger at all. We can well remember discussing with a very celebrated master of hounds, who also hunted them himself, whether foxhunting or deer stalking were the more exciting sport and, after threshing the subject out thoroughly, we both at last agreed that we liked stalking better when we were stalking and hunting better when we were hunting. There can be no question that the man who would successfully stalk the wild red deer must be prepared to pit his skill and intelligence against by far the cleverest and wildest animal in this kingdom. The beginner must learn by bitter experience the extraordinary smelling and hearing powers of deer. He will have to study the wind in every corrie by watching the mists or the showers as they eddy through them. He should know almost to a stone how near he can approach the deer, wherever they may be, in every condition of wind and in every sort of weather. He must remember that deer almost invariably lie looking downhill so that they can command most of the ground below them, with the wind blowing over their backs, thus protecting themselves from above by their wonderful sense of smell. Before he starts his stalking, he must carefully mark the exact spot where the deer are and make the ground good between him and them; he must be prepared for every emergency, make up his mind promptly and act with decision. And he must always remember that he will learn something fresh from the deer every time he goes out after them. How many a good chance has been lost by the importunate crowing of an old cock grouse, the sudden appearance of a disturbed fox, or the vagaries of a mountain hare; for the deer notice everything that moves. These little contretemps are not the stalker's fault, but a stalk spoilt by putting off deer other than those he is approaching shows careless spying.

Of books written on deer stalking one thing is certain—Scrope's "Art of Deer Stalking" is still a long way ahead of any later work. He wrote in the days of inferior glasses and muzzle-loading rifles, and thus far he is out of date, but the delights of the book will never fade. It is nothing short of marvellous that in these days of superior glasses, small-bore rifles and telescopic sights, any decent-sized stag survives. The sporting papers are full of letters on the subject of the deterioration of the red-deer stag, some attributing it to this cause and some to that, but shortly it is the result of the wonderful arms of precision of the present day and of short leases. We cannot say Captain H. Hart-Davis tells us anything which has not been told at least as well before. Certainly comparison with Mr. Grimble's book whether in manner or matter is all against him. Some of Captain Davis' illustrations, notably "Over the Pass" and "Hummel and the Horned Stag", are good, but the rest are painfully conventional, wholly inferior to Colonel Crealoch's sketches at Lochluichart Forest, published some thirty years ago or more. Still Captain Davis' book does show the true sportsman, imbued with the spirit of romance, endurance and difficulty inseparable from the art of stalking. For this much may be forgiven him. We are sure he will agree with us that deer stalking is a pursuit in which all troubles are overlooked, all fatigue is forgotten and all worries thrown to the winds. Given health, strength and a certain amount of aptitude, nothing can be better than a really good day on the hill after the deer.

NOVELS.

"The Shadow on the Wall: a Romance." By M. E. Coleridge. London: Arnold. 1904. 6s.

Miss Coleridge in a preface which had been better unwritten frankly lets her readers know that her new novel is fantastic. Fantastick is probably the exact word

of disapprobation which an eighteenth-century critic would apply. The story has the unreality of a dream, but it is an interesting dream. The dreamer, however, is a little hard on her confidants: she plunges them into the middle of her imaginings, leads them through dark vistas of bewilderment to a tardy explanation, and while they are still collecting themselves to face the dawn of understanding, strikes a sharp sudden note of tragedy. The fact that no one in the book acts rationally need not impair enjoyment: the figures are made of cobwebs, and it is right that they should dance in measures unknown to prosaic ball-rooms. But we trust we do not write ourselves down Philistines when we suggest that if for half a volume a number of persons whose antecedents are unexplained talk and act in a manner only to be followed by those who know all about several unlikely events which happened before the story opened, the author might be kind enough to furnish more clues than she appears to consider necessary. When the story becomes intelligible one has time to enjoy the more delicately imaginative workmanship and to appreciate the fanciful characterisations—even if one shies at an artist who killed his best friend in a duel in order, as he thought, to preserve the victim's morals. There is a twilight charm about the book, but literal prosaic readers will stumble discontented through its pages. Miss Coleridge clearly writes for those who walk happily by dim moonlight.

"Nami-ko: a Realistic Novel." By Kenjiro Tokutomi. London: Putnams. 1904.

Mr. Tokutomi wages warfare, not with an autocratic régime, but with domestic tyranny in an aggravating form resulting from the undue exercise of the prerogatives of the head of a family. Nami-ko's history is a melancholy one, but it may be, as is claimed for it, true in substance and in fact. The book has been and is being read by thousands in Japan under its original name of "Hototogisu"—the cuckoo—but for the English version the author chose to give it the title of "Nami-ko". The word Nami means a wave, and is one of the many pretty names with poetical associations bestowed upon girls in Japan, and the affix ko is respectful and in some degree corresponds with our word Miss. The heroine was of course plain Nami in her own home at Akasaka, which is a suburb of Tokio. She was the daughter of General Viscount Kataoka, who is supposed to have fought in the China and Japan war of a decade ago. The life which Tokutomi skilfully depicts is throughout that of modern Japan, and his work is valuable as throwing some light on the average existence of the higher-class Japanese people of the present day—the family life to which so rarely a foreigner gains admission.

"The Lady Electra." By Robert Barr. London: Methuen. 1904. 6s.

Under this title Mr. Barr strings together thirteen short stories of the magazine type, the majority of which are concerned more or less remotely with electricity. But the telegraphs and motor-cars are mere stage accessories. Several of the stories have an American setting, and these are perhaps the most successful: the first in the book, dealing with a love affair between British visitors to Egypt, is not very happy in its minor details. Thus we have a fortune-hunting peer, intent on wooing a girl who is a countess in her own right, who, not knowing her christian name, "was compelled to use her title, which he recognised was bad form. . . . 'Countess', he began solemnly". We are not surprised that she refused him. Mr. Barr is much more in his element when he gets across the Atlantic, and two or three of his stories are very good, while all are written with ease.

"The Custodian." By Archibald Eyre. London: Ward, Lock. 1904. 6s.

Mr. Archibald Eyre's book is distinguished from the ordinary run of novels by a lightness of touch and a deft method of handling situations. His style is neat and finished and he possesses a considerable sense of humour. He has the courage to resist "cheap" effects, and tells his story in a quiet, nonchalant way that is

very effective. "The Custodian" is a novel of "The Prisoner of Zenda" type and both in manner and matter Mr. Eyre's book is constantly reminiscent of the work of Mr. Anthony Hope. This is particularly the case in the dialogue, where Mr. Eyre appears to have taken the author of "The Dolly Dialogues" as his model. He is no mere copyist, however, for "The Custodian" exhibits a quite individual humour and in many ways marks an advance on the author's previous novel "The Trifler".

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Henslowe's Diary." Edited by W. W. Greg. Part I.: Text. London: A. H. Bullen. 1904. 10s. 6d. net.

"Henslowe's Diary" is famous on account of the entries in it relating to the Elizabethan drama, and notorious for the forged additions inserted in it by John Payne Collier in order that the facts recorded in them might be subsequently announced as his discoveries. Most literary forgeries are innocuous, since they condemn themselves after a very short career; witness Ireland's Shakespeare fabrications, or the autographs of Burns (and others) which landed their author in gaol a few years ago, after having temporarily deceived the benefactor of an American library. But Collier's forgeries were dangerous, not because he was an expert in the art of imitating ancient writing, but because he knew his subject well and forged with discrimination. They were never obtrusive, hence as a rule they escaped attention, and the statements contained in them were accepted on Collier's authority without investigation. There are not a few literary statements still extant in works dealing with the Elizabethan period which really owe their origin to Collier's misdirected talents. In the case of "Henslowe's Diary", two of the forgeries were first pointed out by Mr. Ingleby in 1876, eight (independently) by Dr. G. F. Warner in his catalogue of the Dulwich MSS. in 1881, and one more is now added to the list by Mr. Greg. Of their spuriousness no doubt can be entertained by any expert who has examined the MS., and the last nail was put in their coffin when a transcript of the MS., made by Malone before it had been in Collier's hands, came to light among Sir T. Phillipps' collection in 1895. Since, however, our knowledge of "Henslowe's Diary" rests upon Collier's edition, which is untrustworthy on account of its errors as well as its forgeries, a new and full edition of it was desirable; and this has been provided, so far as can be judged without a detailed collation of the printed text with the MS., with all due care and accuracy by Mr. Greg. There is to be a second part, which apparently will include a commentary; may it not also give us some photographic facsimiles?

"The Survey Atlas of England and Wales." Designed by and Prepared under the Direction of J. G. Bartholomew. The Edinburgh Geographical Institute. 1904. £3 10s.

The thoroughness with which Mr. J. G. Bartholomew does his cartographical work is well illustrated in this valuable volume. It contains eighty-four maps or plans with descriptive text showing the topographical, physiographical, geological, climatic and political and commercial features of England and Wales. The atlas, issued under the patronage of the Royal Geographical Society, will be indispensable to all who are engaged in any kind of survey work. It devotes separate plates to the rainfall and the railways, to counties and commerce, to population and to parliamentary and ecclesiastical divisions. The importance of this new atlas is better realised when we understand—a matter to which the average man gives little heed—that the face of England has almost entirely changed during the past hundred years. "The hand of man," says Mr. Bartholomew, "has reconstructed the country, covered it with his works, cultivated and planted it, developed great industrial regions, built populous cities and towns, railways and roads, harbours and docks." Hence "the completion of the new ordnance survey forms a most fitting memorial to mark the close of the nineteenth century and to put on record the development of the country at the end of the Victorian age. As a national work the English Ordnance survey, on which this atlas is based, is, Mr. Bartholomew assures us, "unsurpassed in any country". As we have pointed out before, there are no county maps equal in excellence and interest to those of this great State survey.

"King Leopold's Rule in Africa." By Edmund D. Morel. London: Heinemann. 1904. 15s. net.

There is a surfeit of horrors in this new book of Mr. E. D. Morel's, whose work in connexion with West Africa is well known. That grave wrongs have been inflicted on the unfortunate Congolese by the Belgians it is impossible to deny, but we do not think the sensational methods adopted by Mr. Morel and his friends are best calculated to assist the righting of those wrongs. The agitators are at least as conscious of their own claims to public consideration as of the claims of the miserable

race whose cause they champion. In a book of this sort we should have thought it both unnecessary and premature to give portraits of such men as Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Alfred Emmott M.P., and Mr. H. R. Fox-Bourne because they happen to have laid the case against the Congo authorities before the British people. But assuming their services to be so great as to demand this particular form of tribute, what are we to say of the modesty of the author who sandwiches Chapter II. with his own full-page picture? The horrors of slavery and barbarism will not be brought more vividly to the public conscience by such self-conscious expedients. Nor do they strengthen the case Mr. Morel seeks to make out against the "egotism which has imposed upon the inhabitants of the vast Upper Congo a burden more crushing than was ever applied by Arab half-caste".

Messrs. Bell issue a cheap edition of Mr. J. H. Rose's "Life of Napoleon" at 10s. net (two vols.). The author has revised this edition as he did the preceding ones.—"London in the Time of the Tudors" (Black. 30s. net) is a companion volume with "London in the Time of the Stuarts". With the best intentions in the world, somehow we cannot take the historical work of Sir Walter Besant very seriously. It is conscientious no doubt, there is plenty of it in volumes such as these; and here there are capital pictures and great bulk in paper and binding. Yet with all these advantages Sir Walter Besant does not strike on the imagination as the historian.—"The French Revolution" by Thomas Carlyle is a good, distinctly solid edition published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, price 5s.—A pretty book is the edition of Coleridge's "Christabel" which C. M. Watts has illustrated (Dent. 3s. 6d. net) and Mr. Ernest Rhys introduced. Mr. Rhys' article is marked by sincerity and simplicity. But surely Coleridge's friend was Wedgwood not Wedgewood?—Messrs. Cassell are publishing "The Paradise Lost" in eighteen parts at sixpence a part. The illustrations are those of Gustave Doré. It is well printed. Some of Mr. Vaughan's notes strike us as a little otiose: thus—"Grand parents.—First or great parents": "Thralls.—Anglo-Saxon for slaves. Hence our word thralldom." But others are more excusably informing. There is sure to be a market for this kind of Milton.

"The Nelson Calendar" and "The Dante Calendar" for 1905 are published by the De La More Press (2s. 6d. net each). The former is edited by A. D. Power; the latter by Blanche McManus who supplies the illustrations. These are the best calendars of the kind we have seen for some time.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has made a selection from the sermons and speeches he delivered during his American tour. The book will be issued by Messrs. Macmillan under the title of "The Christian Opportunity".

The delegates of the Clarendon Press are arranging to complete their facsimile reproductions of the First Folio of Shakespeare by adding "Pericles" and the Sonnets and Poems. Mr. Sidney Lee will be responsible for these reproductions and will contribute an introduction based on his recent bibliographical researches.

Mr. John Lane is about to publish an original comedy in blank verse, by Dr. Richard Garnett, entitled "William Shakespeare, Pedagogue and Poacher", the plot being based on traditions of the poet's early life. On Wednesday next Mr. Lane will have ready a popular reprint of Miss Constance Hill's book "Jane Austen: Her Homes and her Friends". This will form a new volume in his Crown Library.

The Baroness de Benthouch has written for Messrs. Methuen "The Monk of Lanthony", by the authority and under the supervision of Father Ignatius himself. Certain chapters of the volume will deal with the mysterious or supernatural manifestations which have appeared to the monk during various periods of his life.

A new "History of England", to be edited by Professor Oman, and published by Messrs. Methuen, will be inaugurated with the fifth—not the first—volume written by Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, under the title "England under the Stuarts".

"The Land of the Blessed Virgin" is the title of a book on Andalusia by Mr. W. S. Maugham, author of "The Merry-Go-Round", which will be published by Mr. Heinemann on Tuesday next. Mr. Maugham is an enthusiast on all things Spanish.

"The Sea Wolf" is the title of a new novel by Jack London, author of "The Call of the Wild", which Mr. Heinemann announces for immediate publication.

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(Continued on page x.)

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heels, metaphorically speaking, in a very droll company, swept together out of Goya, Watteau, and other puppet-shows, in an atmosphere obviously of no-man's-land, but at least outside the severe window or up the restricted chimney of his habitual pictures.

But I find myself exhausting my space sooner than my notes, or I should have something to say, even after what was said so sufficiently in these columns last week, of Mr. Muirhead Bone's architectural drawings, which are to be seen to at least as much advantage here as in the Society of Twelve. They are precise, yet strangely imaginative, visions of some of the familiar shapes of London: the lovely lattice-work of scaffolding, the dreary hallucination of the tall and narrow backs of houses, the meanness and menace of Newgate and a disturbed street at dawn. These hold their own even among the living people of Mr. John, and beside the best of the water-colours, in which another aspect of things is evoked, as in the sketches of Mr. Tonks and Mr. MacColl; both of whom, in what is best in each, show something of the subtle influence, certainly for good, of the silken chronicler of "dainty rogues in porcelain", that painter of genius, Charles Conder.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

GROVE AND HIS DICTIONARY.

EVERYTHING written by Mr. J. A. F. Maitland reminds me irresistibly of the schoolboy's essay on snakes. "This intelligent beast unfortunately lacks the power of speech, but communicates with its fellows by making signs with its legs." A consummate master of the inept, he has by a judicious use of the non sequitur and other similar devices fairly earned for himself an honourable niche in the temple of fame. "The Musician's Pilgrimage" was eminently schoolboyish in idea as well as in execution. When he took upon himself to doctor Purcell he wrote an article to explain that while he had made no alterations he had made five; and my readers may remember that I pointed out that he had made more. He wrote the harpsichord parts for "King Arthur", and Richter had to tell Dolmetsch to rewrite them. When Joachim had played distressingly out of tune the "Times" spoke of his perfect intonation. And a recent account of English music bore every sign of being written out of prejudices and petulance. I do not say Mr. Maitland is prejudiced or petulant: I do say his book was.

It was therefore with something like consternation that I learnt of Mr. Maitland's intention of supervising a new edition of Sir George Grove's Dictionary of Music. To prevent any misunderstanding let me say at once that so far my apprehensions seem to have been unfounded. I do not pretend to be an infallible human encyclopædia, and it may be my own fault that I have found no actual errors in the first volume,* now before me. Anyhow, mistakes and misprints are not to be lit on by merely seeking for them: one finds them only too readily when one has occasion to make serious use of a dictionary. So far this part of the work seems to me admirably done. In another respect it is admirably done. I expected to find petty spite, narrowness, unreasonable enthusiasm for Mr. Maitland's own friends, undue depreciation of those who are not his friends—not of the community of Kensington Gore; and here I have been agreeably disappointed. To be sure, I do not see why a column should be devoted to a young man, Dohnanyi, while Dolmetsch, a musician of European reputation, who has done more than any man living to enable us to understand the old music, is not so much as mentioned. This is a loss not to Dolmetsch but to the Dictionary, and Mr. Maitland will do well to refute any charges of personal prejudice by giving some account of Dolmetsch's magnificent labours in an appendix.

It is imperative that a new edition of so gigantic a work as Grove's Dictionary should be as nearly perfect as possible. It is its originator's best title to fame and all additions and alterations should be made in the

spirit of its originator. It is now twenty-six years since the first part appeared. As Mr. Maitland points out in his preface, the thing grew enormously under Grove's fingers, and in the end all proportion was lost: three great articles, those by Grove on Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Schubert, overshadow everything in the book, and Bach was given the most meagre treatment. Also, since 1878 many things have happened in music, and if the Dictionary was to hold its own and remain a useful work of reference for musicians and the general reader, it was necessary to deal with the later men and later compositions. Grove himself was aware of this and to the last went on accumulating material for a new edition. It is a pity he did not live to complete it himself, for such editors are not common. Indeed I doubt whether there is anyone living who could plan and carry out a huge work like the Dictionary with the same breadth and the same attention to minute detail. He had no prejudices. Devoted to the classical composers, a worshipper of Mendelssohn, he yet allowed all other musicians, even Wagner, to be treated fairly and sympathetically. His own contributions, left untouched by Mr. Maitland, are models of temperate enthusiasm and accurate knowledge. He always protested that he was not a musician, and I suppose that in a sense he was not; but for the purpose he was very much better than most musicians. Myself, I never detected any flaw in his knowledge, for I do not count his use, for instance, of the word "tremolo" as an actual mistake—it was simply a rather slack use of terms. He gathered round him a host of contributors of the first rank, a host such as would be very difficult to find at the present day. It is startling to find how many of them have died since 1878. Without their names Mr. Maitland's list would be a poor one. Take out William Chappell, Davison, Grove, Helmore, Hueffer, Hopkins, Hullah, Ouseley, Rimbauld and Spitta, and there is not much left.

In the circumstances, then, Mr. Maitland has done very well. He himself cannot hope to equal Grove, with his energy, patience and catholicity of taste; his knowledge is not as complete as Grove's, nor his command of the pen. Grove was not a literary writer, but every sentence is clear, forcible and instinct with his own cheeriness. Mr. Maitland, either from lack of energy or from fear of becoming vulgar, tends always to the namby-pamby. Still, the essay on Brahms is reasonable, also those on Dvorák and Elgar. I hardly know what dithyrambs we may not get, when we arrive at letters S and P, about Stanford and Parry; but sufficient unto the volume is the evil thereof, and we will wait and not prophesy. Mr. F. G. Edwards' "Bach" is a poor performance. Read Grove's "Beethoven", then turn to the "Bach" and you will assuredly wonder why it was thought necessary to deal with the "Leipzig cantor" at all if more space could not be afforded nor more musical intelligence be brought to the task. On the whole the old articles remain the best. I do not wish to depreciate the fresh edition, for the editor has certainly done what he could according to his lights: I merely record an unmistakable fact.

It was characteristic of Grove that he never indulged in vapid anecdote. When he related a story it was always to illustrate some important point about the person of whom he was writing. He would have scorned such a compilation as that made by Mr. Crowest which I discussed recently. He knew how these stories were invented; years ago, if my memory does not play me false, he wrote in some magazine an account of the origin of a piano piece known as the "Dream of S. Jerome", described as being by Beethoven, which it was not. He would laugh, were he alive to-day, at the stories invented by a New York paper and allowed to go the rounds of the world's press—with a view, apparently, of testing human credulity—before their fictitious nature and their origin are disclosed. One particularly silly one concerning Elgar was gravely reproduced in a life of that composer a few months ago. Had I printed my Dudelsack without comment I verily believe it would have gone all over the world and people would have written to this office asking for further information regarding this young composer. I would have had an easy victim in Mr. Louis C. Elson,

* "Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians." Edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland. London: Macmillan. 1904. £1 1s. net.

an American writer. He has just sent out a book with an ambitious title—"Great Composers and their Work" (Seeley). I had thought Mr. Elson was a serious writer, and when I took up this book I was amazed to find it a mere hodge-podge of all the inanities disseminated last century about all the composers. Moreover the idiotic old stories are not told in their original form. One would say that Mr. Elson had read Grove's Dictionary when it first appeared, then rambled through a collection of musical anecdotes, and now has "combined the information" from an inaccurate memory. I protest most emphatically against such book-making. We are swamped in such stuff—drenched, drowned in it; and everyone who adds to the loathsome mass is a sinner against art.

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

"THE FLUTE OF PAN."

I THINK that the best, because the most feminine, of Mrs. Craigie's plays was "The Bishop's Move". It is a fault in her, as in most other women who write, that she is inclined to disdain the peculiar qualities which are hers in virtue of her sex, and to hanker after virile modes. Women excel men in quickness and certainty of insight into the little recesses of human character, and in quickness and certainty of observation of the fine shades on the surface—observation of manners, in fact. Where women falter is in the construction of frames for large themes, in the handling of broad motives, in profound thinking, and so forth. The slighter a woman's theme, and the smaller the scale on which she treats it, the more satisfying will her work be. She will be doing what Nature and the Muse meant her to do. And she will be doing it better than any man could do it. All that is good in Mrs. Craigie's books was done along the line of least resistance—done by Mrs. Craigie. All that does not seem to "come off" was done with the striving towards virility—done by John Oliver Hobbes. In her plays, as in her books, Mrs. Craigie can never be trusted to let herself go all the way along that line of least resistance. Hence the anomaly that her most feminine, and therefore best, play was written in collaboration with a man. Mr. Murray Carson, having, in virtue of his sex, the knack of profound thinking, perceived that the lighter and slighter the theme of his scenario, the better would be Mrs. Craigie's development of it. Alas, though the play was a subsequent success, the majority of the critics denounced it, in accordance with their sacred canon that to write a trifle is to trifle with the public. It may be assumed that Mrs. Craigie, being a woman, loves to be praised, and hates to be blamed. And so she set herself to write a play which should not merely please her by its inherent manliness, but which should also delight the critics by its familiarity and by the certainty that it was going to be popular. Firm and confident, she booked her passage to Ruritania, pausing conscientiously at the bookstall to buy for reference all the Ruritanian literature there displayed. Ruritania, she knew, had long been the Mecca of critics and public alike. Ruritania they should have for all it was worth. The Queen in all her loneliness and her distress, and the English gentleman in all his chivalry, and the Counts and the Barons and the Grand Chamberlains and the Masters of the Horse—nothing should be left out. As a salve to her anti-romantic conscience, Mrs. Craigie, it seems, took her theme from real life. She has let it be known that the characters in her play really did—or do—exist, and that the incidents in her play really did happen. This being so, Ruritania must certainly appear in all future atlases; for whence but from Ruritania could Mrs. Craigie have derived her subject-matter? To me, who am not a publisher of atlases, the actuality of this subject-matter makes no difference at all. For me, as a critic, the question is not whether a play is founded on fact, but whether it gives me in the theatre the illusion of truth. Figments may give me this illusion, and facts may give it me not. Mrs. Craigie's facts give it me not. Nor did Mrs. Craigie intend that I should have it. She was thinking of the average playgoer, who cares not a fig for truth, and was trying to give him just what he does want—a full, thick story

of coincidences and cross-purposes. The Queen of Siguria needs a consort. She loves Lord Feldershey, and Lord Feldershey loves her. But, in offering him her hand, she will not, by reason of a certain pique, tell him that she cares for him. In real life, of course, no two human beings who love each other can be together for five minutes without mutual understanding, even if nothing be revealed orally, and even if there be a mutual attempt at concealment. But then, of how many romances would our stage be shorn if this simple fact were regarded! In the dear old way Lord Feldershey goes blundering unconsciously along; and, also in the dear old way, his blunder is corroborated for him by an auxiliary blunder. He believes that the Queen made an assignation in his rooms with a man named Baverstock, and that with Baverstock she is in love. For an ingenious, but impossible, reason of delicacy, he does not ask her whether this is true. In a later scene, this auxiliary blunder is itself corroborated by the appearance of Mr. Baverstock on the balcony of the Sigurian palace. And, in case all this should not be enough to postpone the embrace of the true lovers till the end of the last act, Lord Feldershey must, in perfect innocence, and for reasons over which he has no control, kiss a lady-in-waiting at the very moment when the Queen happens to come in at the door. Such games of cross-purposes are, as Mrs. Craigie knew, very dear to the heart of the public. But, as Mrs. Craigie did not realise, they are not all-sufficient to the public if played on Ruritanian soil. Blood and thunder must be there. The Ruritanian soil must be steeped in blood, and must quake beneath constant peals of thunder. Alas, these commodities are not in Mrs. Craigie's line. With the best will in the world, she has to shirk them. She keeps them "off". She huddles them into an entr'acte. What does it profit the public to hear that there is "a serious rising in the hills" of Siguria? Show them that rising. What comfort for them is there in hearing that Lord Feldershey has covered himself with glory by the skill and bravery with which he has quelled that rising? He must be seen in the act of covering himself. And seen he would have been if Mrs. Craigie had been a man—a man with a straightforward bent to Ruritanian dramaturgy. Being herself—being a woman with a subtle and delicate talent for realistic comedy—she cannot, with the best will in the world, refrain from treating her characters in a realistic and comedic way. But, by force of the initial scheme, her characters are puppets. Manipulate them never so deftly, she cannot put souls into them—cannot make them live. All Mrs. Craigie's delicate strokes of intuition and observation glance vainly off the crude material she has chosen. Vain here, too, is her talent for writing natural dialogue. In Ruritanian men must shout, and women must shriek. If they converse at a natural pitch, the effect is a sort of whisper. Let Mrs. Craigie's first excursion to Ruritania be her last. Let Mayfair be evermore her milieu, and femininity unabashed her method.

Miss Nethersole, as the Queen, and Mr. Waring, as Lord Feldershey, were sorely hampered by the quality of their parts. Mr. Waring paced restlessly up and down the stage, as though seeking an outlet to those "hills" on which was "the serious rising". A caged lion, condemned to comedic dalliance, when he should have been springing and rending and roaring for us in the approved Ruritanian fashion! Miss Nethersole fared no better. The Queen was supposed to be a wayward and high-spirited coquette. But Miss Nethersole's art is of sterner stuff. Strong and forthright emotion is the line of her excellence. She is not so good at indirect half-tones. Moreover, she cannot produce the illusion of weakness. The Queen was supposed to be weighed down by sovereignty. But Miss Nethersole's head never seemed to rest uneasy for one instant. Try as she would, she could not but seem self-confident and masterful. And yet her bearing was not that of a self-confident and masterful queen, exactly. Accepting a bouquet, or stripping a rope of pearls from her neck, or opening a sheaf of telegrams, or ordering a special train, always she reminded one rather of a great prima donna. She was, in fact, too queenly for a queen. A fault on the right side; but still, a fault.

Last week the "Mermaid Society" at the Royalty

Theatre was performing "The Way of the World". The play, as a play, is, of course, as dead as a door-nail—was never, indeed, alive. But as a gallery of characters how well it survives! Every one of the many characters stands out full-bodied and modern, even now. And the dialogue—every speech a sharply-cut jewel—has kept its radiance as surely as actual old jewels keep theirs. The first care, in a performance of any play by Congreve, must be for the utterance of the dialogue. If the speeches be delivered well and clearly, with a sense of their rhythm, with a sense of their classic precision of phrase, then the battle is more than half-won. Unfortunately, these graces of elocution are things which the modern mime has had no chance of acquiring; and most of the mimes in the "Mermaid Society" are young. The best one of these seemed to be Mr. Nigel Playfair, who played Witwoud with a real reverence for the words as words, and also with much vivacity and humour. Mrs. Theodore Wright was perfect as Lady Wishfort, giving to the part just that quality of breadth which is of the essence of a right interpretation of Congreve's characters. Just that quality was lacking in the pretty and clever impersonation of Mrs. Millamant by Miss Ethel Irving. Next week this Society will be playing "The Broken Heart".

MAX BEERBOHM.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE READING OF UPPER-CLASS GIRLS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

14 November, 1904.

SIR,—I have read with much interest the correspondence in your columns on this subject. Since a personal instance is at least as useful as some generalisations, will you make space for the accompanying list copied from a memorandum-book kept by my daughter, aged sixteen, in which she writes down the names of the books she reads in her spare time?

The list begins last July, and is as follows: "Old Mortality", "The Farringdons", "By Mutual Consent" (L. T. Meade), "To Call Her Mine", "Katherine Regina", and "Self or Bearer" (Besant); "Christmas Carol", "The Cricket on the Hearth", "Hypatia", "Concerning Isabel Carnaby", "The Virginians", "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer", "The Head of the House" (E. Everett-Green), "A Double Thread", "The Heir-Presumptive and the Heir-Apparent", "Sesame and Lilies", "A Tale of Two Cities".

This is the reading of a thoroughly modern girl, who plays hockey and cricket in gymnasium costume, thinks nothing of an eight or ten mile walk, and is going in for the "Senior Cambridge" next month. Dickens, Scott, and school editions of Shakespeare's plays have been her chosen reading since she was quite a little girl. "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare" was a favourite nursery book, read aloud to the delight of the younger children. I believe that good authors are more appreciated by young folks than their elders and preceptors suppose, and would be still more so if their writings were not so often printed in such close type, so wearying to young eyes, already, perhaps, tired with "lessons".

I am, Sir, yours truly,
A MOTHER.

JAPAN AND THE NORTH SEA INQUIRY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

30 Sussex Square, Brighton, 11 November, 1904.

SIR,—It is reported though Russia, France, the United States and Great Britain are to be among the five Commissioners of Inquiry, that nevertheless this pseudo-play of "Hamlet" may possibly be acted without Hamlet, which here spells Japan.

According to Russia's special accusations, Japan is interested, involved and implicated in many ways in the subjects of this proposed international inquiry, which would be an absurd "judicial" farce and frivolity were Japan excluded from her legitimate position thereon. Hitherto in Far Eastern waters Japan has been more

successful in military, naval and fishery matters than Russia, whose Far Eastern Asiatic Sea fisheries have long been worked chiefly by the Japanese, a nation which already employs upwards of 3,600,000 persons in her aquatic industries.

I am, &c.

J. LAWRENCE-HAMILTON M.R.C.S.

THE TRESPASSES OF TO.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Ottawa, 1 November, 1904.

SIR,—I hope you will not think me unduly pertinacious if I return for a moment to the subject of the word "averse" and its construction. You say it would be slovenly to use "averse" in the sense of "hostile". What I said in my letter of 26 September was that the meaning of "averse" was "in the same class" with the meaning of "hostile", not that the words were interchangeable. But I can go a little further and say that the words "averse" and "aversion" are symbolical of hostility. There are some enemies whom you go to meet; there are others on whom you turn your back in contempt. Both movements are manifestations of unfriendly feelings. It just depends upon circumstances which mode of action you adopt. What I contend is that the generic sense of "averse" will carry the day against the special sense derived from its etymology, of which of course not everyone is conscious, any more than everyone in using the word "stranger" connects it with the Latin "extraneus". Stranger of course may be followed by "from", as in "strangers from the covenants of promise", but is much more frequently in our day followed by "to". To sum up, I would say: when the mind is dominated by the consciousness that the specific etymological meaning of "averse" is "turned away", it will seem natural to say "from"; but when we think simply, as we commonly do in using the word, of the state of feeling that causes one to turn away, we shall say "averse to" just as we say "indisposed to", "disinclined to", &c.

Would it not be difficult for anyone to-day to say: "I had the strongest possible aversion from doing so and so"? When the feelings reach a certain degree of strength we direct them towards persons or things, no matter which way our face may be turned.

Very truly yours,

W. D. LE SUEUR.

[If our correspondent will persist in defending carelessly speaking, it is idle to continue the discussion with him. That any educated man after reflection should find difficulty in saying he "had an aversion from" a thing merely throws doubt upon his education.—ED. S.R.]

THE MIS-USE OF "QUITE".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Dulwich, 16 November, 1904.

SIR,—"Quite" strictly means "completely", and is rightly used in such sentences as "The flower is quite faded". Its secondary meaning, "very", "to a great extent" has the authority of good writers, though such expressions as "quite young" and "quite hot" have a colloquial ring about them. There is, however, springing up, of late, the slovenly practice of employing the adverb "quite" with a noun e.g. "quite a panic ensued". If an adverb can modify a noun, where is the distinction between adverb and adjective? As a matter of fact, the functions of the adverb seem to be encroaching on those of the adjective. In such a locution as "Even the villagers knew this", we cannot call "even" a conjunction, understanding some such ellipsis as "(Not only did the other people know this but) even &c." No one would attempt to supply such an ellipsis in "The villagers even knew this" or "The villagers knew even this", but all would unhesitatingly acknowledge "even" to be an adverb modifying "knew" and "this" respectively. In the latter case it might be said, it modifies the adjectival meaning contained in the pronoun "this". Substitute "John" for "this" and we have an adverb modifying a noun. The same difficulty occurs in "The dog, half cur, half lurcher", where

"half" is equivalent to "partly" and is closely connected with the nouns following. To supply "being" is scarcely legitimate. An opinion on the matter would be welcome to

Yours faithfully,

ALBERT E. ROBERTS.

"PEELAH."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bijou Lodge, Patna, India.

SIR,—My reply to the ill-natured and vituperative criticism of my novel "Peelah, or the Bewitched Maiden of Nepal", is rather belated, but, in the circumstances, better late than never. I have not read the SATURDAY REVIEW for some time past, and a friend of mine, who came across it only recently himself, has just sent me the issue of your paper in which the critique on "Peelah" has appeared. When a critic, violating all the canons not only of true criticism, but also of good breeding, makes a wanton personal attack on an author, and in a temporary—it is to be hoped it is only temporary—fit of intellectual aberration, and with an obliquity of mental vision as to the authorship, mistakes a Britisher, quite as much Britisher as himself—assuming that he is British—for a Bengali Baboo, and, with this wholly gratuitous and unwarrantable assumption, attempts to fire off some damp facetious squibs, and to cast ridicule on my book by selecting at haphazard some passages from it, which he drags out from the context, and after making impertinent animadversions on them, says in effect: "Here, this is the sort of commonplaces that the book contains, and nothing more!" then all I can say is, God help that critic! If, however, my critic's object in parading the passage be to question their verbal, grammatical or other accuracy, I will just take two of the phrases which he seems to be most exercised and agitated by, viz. "the longest lane has a turning" and "strangled by the neck", and justify their use. I don't know what he finds wrong with the former, but if he knows of any lane that has no turning, and can substantiate the fact, the good old song "Pulling hard against the Stream", in which this proverbial phrase occurs, will have to be re-written—I need hardly say that the phrase is not of my making. With regard to the expression "strangled by the neck" is my critic really not aware of any other form of strangulation than that of the neck? If he is not, let him go and ask any medical man and he will enlighten him. And even if there were no other, surely he is not so "innocent" of English grammar as not to know that emphasis and earnestness of affirmation allow the use of a species of pleonasm?—witness, among several others, the following emphatic expressions: "We have heard with our ears" and seen "with our eyes". "Verily, verily, I say unto you, all ye inhabitants of the world and dwellers on the earth", to say nothing of the judge's well-known death-sentence: "You are to be hanged by the neck till you are dead". But, perhaps, he will say that the judge uses this expression to distinguish it from hanging by the toes. Every one of the passages selected by my critic from my book is capable of justification, especially when read in their proper settings. The offensive personalities indulged in by my critic both in the beginning and at the close of his highly edifying article are beneath notice. In fact, had this uncritical criticism appeared in any paper not of the standing of the SATURDAY REVIEW, I would certainly have treated the whole thing with silent contempt.

It is gratifying and refreshing to turn from such arrant bosh and a ridiculous farrago of nonsense in the shape of criticism, to the remarks of another well-known contemporary, who concludes a highly favourable notice of my book "Peelah" with these words: "The book has so pleasant and so characteristically English a feeling permeating it that it can scarcely fail to be read with interest and enjoyment by everyone who takes it up". And there are many others as complimentary. And new authors may take heart from the knowledge that fair and honest critics are still to be had in Great Britain.

Yours faithfully,

ERNEST MANFRED.

REVIEWS

LORD COLERIDGE, DILETTANTE.

"Life and Correspondence of John Duke Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England." By Ernest Hartley Coleridge. 2 vols. London: Heinemann. 1904. 30s.

THE family biography is apt to run to an immense length. This is almost always a mistake, and it is so in this instance of the biography of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge. It is to be regretted for the sake even of the biographer, who would have done a better piece of literary work, and more credit to himself, if he had thought more of writing the Life and less of collecting the correspondence. A sketch of Lord Coleridge, say in one volume of about three hundred pages, would have been admirably done by Mr. Coleridge, his writing in these volumes is ample proof of that, and it would have been quite sufficient to satisfy everybody's curiosity about the late Lord Chief. But here we have a large first volume of three and a second of about five hundred pages. That is an enormous scale on which to write a biography of Lord Coleridge. One thinks of the Lives of Chief Justices that Lord Campbell wrote. Of Sir Alexander Cockburn, Lord Coleridge's greater predecessor, we have no biography at all unless in the Dictionary of National Biography. Lord Bowen, probably Coleridge's superior in every respect except in the mere skill of word-spinning, has had no biographical memorial raised to him but one small volume. There is yet no Life of Cairns, though Westbury and Selborne's biographies have been written. As Lords Chancellor these men were in the Cabinet, and much more intimate with political life than Lord Coleridge ever was, who was only in ministries as Solicitor- or Attorney-General. The Life of a far more important personage Lord Lyndhurst is in one volume. Masses of letters may be well when they are useful for revealing the history of important events in which the writer has been a powerful and conspicuous influence. But Lord Coleridge was not that in the Tractarian movement, nor in the American Civil War, nor in matters such as university legislation, nor the Irish Church measures of Mr. Gladstone's ministries. He exercised no special influence and his letters add nothing to the common knowledge, though his opinions are put with his well-known facility and gracefulness of style on these and similar questions. In a certain sense it is interesting to note how he passed from High Church to Broad Church views. Also how from an attitude almost of gush over Americans he passed to the ordinary Englishman's views of the questions as between the North and the South. But the topics themselves are old, and we are untouched by any sense but that of the unnecessary in a revival of them in a biography of Lord Coleridge.

Apparently Mr. Coleridge's aim is to show Lord Coleridge in his correspondence as a man of heart even more than it is to show him as a man of brains; to counter an opinion of his contemporaries which tacitly appears in many places in these volumes. Lord Coleridge himself began by being conscious of it at Eton, and he is often in a defensive attitude about it in later life. He was believed, rightly or wrongly, to be cold-hearted and selfish, and his suavity and exquisiteness of manner and diction increased the impression. It is piquant to find him debating this question with himself and deciding that he is not. The letters to his father, Mr. Justice Coleridge, are plainly relied on by Mr. Coleridge to corroborate this private judgment. Undoubtedly there is much in them which reveals a strong affection between father and son. Family affection, however, is consistent with considerable frigidity of benevolence towards the outer world. Their letters, voluminous beyond all reason, innumerable repetitions of the same subjects and the same sentiments, hardly establish the point either way. It is evident that there was perfect confidence between father and son; but through the evangelical phrasings of the older and the neo-Catholicism of the younger man there appears a keen secular ambition and counting up of fees by both which is not discreditable but is a considerable alloy in the purely

(Continued on page 646.)

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paternal and filial relationship. As Mr. Coleridge has given plenty of material, but has not himself undertaken to delineate as a whole the character of the Chief Justice, we must form our conclusions for ourselves. There are several things of which there is no doubt. Mr. Coleridge speaks of him often as a genius. He showed none for law, as he himself was painfully aware. He was, he said, receptive and quick. When law and the necessary material were supplied, he could make a better speech in some classes of cases than any man at the Bar. He could adorn them with more literature, and in feeling for poetry and sentiment he left behind most of his practising contemporaries. His letters show that he appreciated the best in literature and could distinguish between the first and the second rate. He sneered at Mr. Gladstone for calling Longfellow magnificent. His tastes undoubtedly led him to literature, and his application to law and public life was as perfunctory as Lord Rosebery's to politics.

As he had not genius for literature, but was at best a cultivated critic, he knew well enough that fortune and reputation did not lie in that direction. He was poor and he wanted money; he was proud and he wanted distinction; and the law offered both. He followed the line of least resistance. In his pride and superciliousness he looked down on law and lawyers, and he frequently spoke of its drying up the finer qualities of the mind. The lawyers knew his feelings and they did not like him the better for them. It was much the same in politics. His Radical friends were not superfine enough for him and they knew it. Coleridge was unhappy because fortune had made it necessary for him to work if he were to obtain dignities; and he was always afraid he would break down before he won them. On one occasion after becoming a peer he, in weak imitation of Thurlow, spoke of himself ludicrously as no nobleman but one sprung from the people. That was rhetorical flourish. In fact he disliked the people and he confessed that he hated the aristocracy. Doubt was often expressed as to the sincerity of his depreciations of himself and of his abilities and merits. But there seems to be this much to say for him, that he could be as humble—one is tempted to write 'umble—in private correspondence, even with his father, as on formal occasions. The explanation seems to be that he really did distrust his virility of character and doubted of his masculine fibre; and he had not the physical vigour and high spirits which contribute so much to success at the Bar and make the dusty arena a pleasure. Coleridge had not this temperament. He was something like the spoiled child who would have things come his way without trouble. He was nervous and easily depressed; and there is a good deal of melancholy in his letters. It is perfectly natural for a man of his constitution to believe himself entitled, by superiority in the more refined gifts, to the best of everything, and yet to doubt whether he can wrest them from fortune. Coleridge had probably less solid brain power than any of his contemporaries who attained equal distinction with himself; but in the graces and refinements of intellect, in the feminine intellectual qualities, somewhat feline it may be, he surpassed them all. When his personal ambition was served, whatever strenuousness he had ceased, and he rested on his dignities. He was not over-enamoured of them; he had the philosophic mind which discounts their value. But he had much of comfort from them withal; and consummate actor as he was he posed in them very impressively.

THE MILITARY NEW HEAVENS.

"The Cabinet and War." By Major Evans Gordon M.P. London: Constable. 1904. 6s.

THIS work is really a handbook to the reports of the War Commission and the now celebrated Committee of three. It is a somewhat rambling compilation, which hardly succeeds in driving home clearly the points which the author wishes to emphasise. Indeed it is rather difficult to discover what Major Evans Gordon is aiming at. Generally speaking he appears to be a fervent admirer of the Esher Committee's recommendations. But he does not seem thoroughly to understand the financial conditions which govern

our military policy. In his view the new Army Council is the panacea for all the defects from which our military machine suffers; and we are told that now for the first time duties will be so allotted as to suit the different capacities of individual staff officers. But we fail to see how any considerable change can take place. Officers for the staff are now selected identically as they were before; and the former military chiefs tried their utmost to find suitable men. Consequently it is difficult to see why the less famous general officers who sit on the Army Council should be more successful in selecting suitable officers for the staff than were their predecessors—for instance the Duke of Cambridge, Sir Richard Airey, Lord Wolseley, Sir Redvers Buller, Sir Charles Mansfield Clarke, Sir Henry Brackenbury, not to speak of many others—who, if for no higher aim than their own convenience, strove for the same ends. The formal creation of some such body as the Army Council to replace the informally constituted War Office Council was no doubt necessary; and we welcome it. Still it is a pertinent commentary on the usefulness of the new body that the first time it had to consider any serious problem—Mr. Arnold Forster's new Army scheme—the opinion of the military members was entirely ignored, as the present War Secretary has admitted in the House of Commons. Nor can we echo Major Evans Gordon's paeans over the new and much-belauded General Staff, which it is supposed will turn out such paragons of staff officers. So far except that the new arrangement had the effect of removing from the head of affairs, with somewhat scant courtesy, one of the very ablest officers in the army, and the one most completely suitable for the particular class of work in hand, Sir William Nicholson, we cannot see that any great change has been effected.

There is in fact no end to what the author expects from his almost supernaturally endowed Army Council. It is, of course, going to remedy the lack of equipment and reserves of stores, apparent at the outbreak of the late war. But all this is merely a matter of money. There have been efficient administrators even before the Army Council came into being. But when funds are lacking, what can the most able do? Nor is there any reason for supposing that the House of Commons and the Treasury will be more lavish in the future than they have been in the past. After the Duke of Cambridge's retirement the Commandership-in-Chief became an impossible anomaly, and its abolition a necessary step. But so carefully have the powers of the military members of the new Council been circumscribed that expert opinion has, if anything, less chance of making itself felt now than when there was a Commander-in-Chief and more weighty heads of departments. It is true that when the military members disagree with their political chief, they are expected forthwith to resign their appointments. But this is expecting too much of professional and not over wealthy men, who in the main have given up lucrative appointments to take these posts; and moreover have been put to considerable expense in setting up new establishments. As we have already said, the new Council is a step in the right direction. But it is only making it ridiculous to expect that it will remove disadvantages inherent in our military system as it exists under the British constitution.

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REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS.

To be submitted at the Third Ordinary General Meeting of the Company to be held at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., on Thursday, the 24th of November, 1904.

The Directors have the pleasure to submit their third Annual Report and the Audited Accounts of the Company for the year ending 30th June, 1904.

FREEHOLD PROPERTIES.

Of its various properties attention has been up to the present mainly concentrated on the two farms Grootvlei and Palmietkuil, together having an area equal to 16,672 acres. Dr. Hatch's full report which is given herewith must be referred to for the important evidences that are afforded from bore tests of the continuity of the Main Reef series in the area in which you are interested.

The option held by the Grootvlei Prospecting Syndicate, Limited, over the gold-mining rights on the farm Grootvlei was exercised on the 31st December last, and such mining rights have now been taken over by the Grootvlei Proprietary Mines, Limited. The East Rand Mining Estates holds 253,020 shares of the issued 360,250 shares of the Grootvlei Proprietary Mines, Limited, including the shares subscribed for by the Company at par.

Your Company still retains its original three-fourths interest in the surface rights of the farm, from which source a satisfactory revenue is being derived. It will also receive under the Gold Law, as part owner of the freehold, a further revenue from claim licences in respect of the land not worked by the Company.

In other respects the Company's properties are the same as at the date of the last report. Accompanying the report is a map of the district in which the Company's farm interests are held, such map showing the position of the boreholes.

BORING OPERATIONS.

A considerable amount of prospecting by diamond drill has been carried out during the past year on the farms Grootvlei and Palmietkuil, with satisfactory results. A report by Dr. F. H. Hatch, Ph.D. M.Inst.C.E., dealing fully with the results obtained and the knowledge acquired from these boring operations is attached thereto. Dr. Hatch's interesting diagrams respecting the geological features and evidence of the boreholes have been reproduced and the diagrams are given with the report.

All the prospecting operations of the Company have hitherto been concentrated on the farms referred to above, but now that the boring operations on these farms are nearly completed, the remaining properties of the Company will be carefully examined with a view to steps being taken to prove them.

PALMIETKUIL.

Since the issue of Dr. Hatch's report the Main Reef has been cut in the No. 5 borehole on the farm Palmietkuil at a depth of 3,085 feet, the reef being 21½ inches thick. It will be seen from Dr. Hatch's report that in his opinion the Main (or Van Ryn) Reef exists at a workable depth over a considerable portion of this farm and that such portion will be sufficient to give the owners the whole of the mining area to which they are entitled under the Gold Law. He estimates that the owners of the farm should obtain at least 1,287 claims.

THE GROOTVLEI PROPRIETARY MINES, LIMITED.

This Company, formed to acquire the gold-mining rights over the whole of the farm Grootvlei (3,421·53 morgen—or 7,241 English acres—in extent), was registered in the Transvaal Colony on 23rd April, 1904. The nominal capital of the Company is £400,000 in £1 shares of which 260,250 have been issued in payment for the property and 100,000 shares have been subscribed at par for working capital.

The results obtained from the four boreholes put down on this farm show that the Main (or Van Ryn) Reef exists at a workable depth over the whole farm. Dr. Hatch states in his report that according to his estimate the Company should obtain as mining area at least 985·4 claims on this farm.

MODDERFONTEIN PROPRIETARY MINES, LIMITED.

A borehole has been put down by this Company in the central portion of its property to a depth of 1,080 feet, and following the information obtained therefrom Dr. Hatch has located the position for a further borehole on the southern portion of the farm. Arrangements are now being made to proceed with the proving of this part of the property.

Shareholders will be aware that their Company holds 64,458 shares, out of the 300,000 issued £1 shares in the Modderfontein Proprietary Mines, Limited.

AUDITORS.

The Company's Auditors (Messrs. Cooper Brothers & Co.) retire, but offer themselves for re-election. The shareholders are asked to appoint Auditors for the ensuing year and to fix the remuneration.

By Order of the Board,

ALFRED D. OWEN,

16th November, 1904.

Secretary.

A copy of the Directors' Report, containing Dr. Hatch's full report and plans, can be obtained at the Company's Offices, Threadneedle House, Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.

CROWN DEEP, LIMITED.

From the Directors' Quarterly Report to 30th September, 1904.

Total Yield in Fine Gold from all sources 27,123·362 ozs.
Total Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis 8·929 dwts.

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

DR.	Cost.	Cost per ton milled.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Mining Expenses	39,314 17 10	0 12 11·310
Milling Expenses	9,325 11 0	0 3 0·839
Cyaniding Expenses	9,768 14 3	0 3 2·590
General Expenses	2,435 6 11	0 0 9·620
Head Office Expenses	1,776 6 7	0 0 7·017
	62,620 16 7	1 0 7·378
Working Profit	51,337 12 5	0 16 10·805
	£113,958 9 0	£1 17 6·183
CR.	Value.	Value per ton milled.
By Gold Account	£113,958 9 0	£1 17 6·183
DR.		
To Net Profit		£51,827 11 3
CR.		
By Balance Working Profit brought down		£51,337 12 5
Interest		489 18 10
		£51,827 11 3

NOTE.—The 10 per cent. Tax on Profits due to the Government of the Transvaal on the profits for the quarter is estimated to amount to £4,170.
The Capital Expenditure for the quarter has amounted to £1,051 3s. 3d.

ROSE DEEP, LIMITED.

From the Directors' Quarterly Report to 30th September, 1904.

Total Yield in Fine Gold from all sources 25,877·254 ozs.
Total Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis 7·517 dwts.

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

DR.	Cost.	Cost per ton milled.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Mining Expenses	37,393 11 0	0 10 10·361
Milling Expenses	7,906 14 11	0 2 3·564
Cyaniding Expenses	8,318 3 4	0 2 4·998
General Expenses	2,367 16 9	0 0 8·254
Head Office Expenses	1,881 8 9	0 0 6·559
	57,867 14 9	0 16 9·738
Working Profit	50,896 7 6	0 14 9·434
	£108,764 2 3	£1 11 7·172
CR.	Value.	Value per ton milled.
By Gold Account	£108,764 2 3	£1 11 7·172
DR.		
To Net Profit		£51,241 10 2
CR.		
By Balance Working Profit brought down		£50,896 7 6
Interest		345 8 8
		£51,241 10 2

NOTE.—The 10 per cent. Tax on Profits due to the Government of the Transvaal on the profits for the Quarter is estimated to amount to £4,660.
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Printed for the Proprietors by SPOTTISWOODE & CO. LTD., 5 New-street Square, E.C., and Published by REGINALD WEBSTER PAGE, at the Office, 33 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London.—Saturday, 19 November, 1904.